THE

Gentleman's Miſcellany:

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS, CHARACTERS, NARRATIVES, ANECDOTES, AND POEMS,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

CALCULATED FOR

THE IMPROVEMENT OF GENTLEMEN IN EVERY RELATION IN LIFE.

By GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq.

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY, PLEASING MELANCHOLY, RURAL CHRISTIAN, &c.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci. Hor.

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PREFACE.

THERE are few if any *material* points reſpecting the manners, conduct, and converſation of a *Gentleman*, but what are inſiſted on and illuſtrated in the following pages. To admit the greater variety of ſubjects, ſome leſs important, are only ſlightly touched upon, while others more intereſting, are conſidered and explained at large.

The duties of every relation in life, and the benefits reſulting from the uniform practice of thoſe duties, are held out and enforced both from examples and experience. To enliven the moral and ſerious parts of this work, pleaſing *Narratives*, *Anecdotes*, and *Poems*, are interſperſed, which are intended to render it, agreeable to the *utile dulci* of the ancients, both PROFITABLE and ENTERTAINING. How far it is calculated to anſwer theſe purpoſes, muſt be left to the deciſion of the judicious and diſcerning reader.

If any apology is thought neceſſary for publiſhing this Miſcellany, it may be made in the remarks of the

the Monthly Reviewers on a late ſimilar publication of the Editor's, entitled, *Pleaſing Reflections on Life and Manners.*

"Miſcellaneous collections of this kind are become very numerous; but as they generally conſiſt of *moral* pieces, they are, to ſay the leaſt of them, innocent, as well as entertaining. The multiplication, therefore, of ſuch compilements, is of no diſſervice to ſociety."

See MONTHLY REVIEW for AUG. 1788.

John-Street, G. W.
April 23, 1795.

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THE

THE

Gentleman's Miſcellany,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

ON THE DIFFERENT MANNERS OF READING; OR, DIRECTIONS FOR READING TO ADVANTAGE.

WHAT is any book, if it is not read in that manner by which it may beſt be underſtood? A novel, whoſe merit lies chiefly in the ſtory, ſhould be quickly paſſed through *; for the cloſer you can bring the ſeveral circumſtances together, the better. If its merit conſiſts in character and ſentiment, it ſhould be read much ſlower; for the leaſt obvious parts of a character are frequently the moſt beautiful; and the propriety of a ſentiment may eaſily eſcape in a haſty peruſal.

Detached thoughts ought to be dwelt on longer than any other manner of writing; for different ſubjects following cloſe, do rather confound than inſtruct; but if we allow ourſelves time to reflect, we may underſtand the author, and perhaps improve ourſelves. Each thought ſhould be conſidered as a text, upon which we ought to make a commentary.

Bayle's.

* Few *modern* novels are worth reading.

Bayle's manner of writing by text and note is generally decried, but without reaſon. When there is a neceſſity of proving the aſſertion by quotation, which was his caſe, no other way can be taken equally perſpicuous. The authorites muſt be produced ſomewhere—they cannot be in the text, and if they are put at the end of the book, which is the modern faſhion, how much more troubleſome are they for referring to, than by being at the bottom of the page? The truth is, this is another inſtance of ignorance in the method of reading. Bayle, Harris, and other writers of this claſs, ſhould have the text read firſt, which is quickly diſpatched; then, begin again and take in the notes. By theſe means you preſerve a connexion, and judge of the proofs of what is aſſerted.

None judge leſs favourably of an author than his intimate friends—their perſonal knowledge of him as a man, deſtroys a hundred deluſions to his advantage as an author.—"Who is a hero to his valet-de-chambre?" ſaid the great Conde; and he might have added, "or to his *friends?*" Beſides the obvious reaſon for this, it is moſt likely that an author has, in his common converſation, made his friends acquainted with his ſentiments long before they are communicated to the public. The conſequence is, that to *them* his work is not new; and it is poſſible that they may take to themſelves part of his merit; for I have known many inſtances, where a perſon has been told ſomething by way of information, which he himſelf told to the informer.

An author's intimate acquaintance frequently do him more harm than avowed enemies. They ſhow ſo many apprehenſions on his account—they ſo much dread the cenſure he may incur, and the enemies he may create by his new opinions, &c.

All this betrays a want of confidence, and is very naturally

naturally ſet down to their knowing ſomething of the author and his works the world is not acquainted with.

It is certain, that the leſs *perſonal* knowledge we have of an author, the greater is our eſteem for his productions; of courſe, we commend thoſe the moſt, of whom we know the *leaſt*.

THE BENEFITS OF READING AND REFLECTION IN YOUNGER LIFE.

WHATEVER temporary relief diſſipation may afford to the vigour of youth, and ardour of manhood, it will not give the ſame pleaſure to anvanced age. Mental obſervations will then riſe in delight as juvenile ſpirits ſubſide; and reading and reflection will then afford that conſolation which gay amuſements cannot give. Therefore to neglect the cultivation of the mind in juvenile years, has in ſome ſort the ſame effect as neglecting to feed the body: A languor muſt enſue in both, which leads to a fatal tendency; beſides, we ought to conſider, that if we refuſe to exert our faculties in the degree they are given at a vigorous time of life, our talents may be taken from us, at a ſeaſon when we ſhall moſt want them, and have the moſt poignant ſenſe of their deprivation.

It is every perſon's duty to keep the mind as eaſy as poſſible in every ſtate; elſe why do we gratify the child in a change of toys, when its innocent ſimplicity is only capable of finding beauty in a ſtraw, or muſic in a key? But theſe trifles cannot amuſe us beyond our infant ſtate: The boy is diſguſted with them, and the man calls for ſtill nobler recreations. Robuſt exerciſe ſucceeds; but that will not do for

weak

weak hands and feeble knees, which accompany the laſt ſtage of life. Then the produce of learning and reading is an amazing conſolation! But the ſeeds muſt be ſown in youth, otherwiſe the fruits cannot be gathered in age. And what fruits can be gathered from a trifling kind of reading, which leaves nothing for the mind to feed on? Life is far too ſhort and precious to be waſted in mere amuſement, which does but in a manner pamper us for a ſacrifice, by deſtroying the ſeeds of fortitude and virtue.

A well-educated mind will often afford a ſumptuous treat to its happy poſſeſſor, even in ſolitude; which gives opportunity for a more copious range of thought, on ſubjects which ennoble human nature.

Jemmy Saunter, and his fair ſpouſe, abounded in worldly wealth; but, I muſt not go further. Yes I may, for their houſe was nobly furniſhed, and I was obligingly ſhown all their plate, trinkets, and expenſive attire. I exhauſted all the fine things I was able to ſay, in its praiſe. But this being the only theme for converſation, as the novelty ſubſided, the joy was loſt with me; and finding myſelf incapable of inverting more panegyric to offer at this ſhrine of vanity, I endeavoured to divert myſelf with a little girl, and to fathom the depth of her capacity. But the moſt I could get her to ſay was, *My mamma is a lady of fortune*, which ſhe had made a little ſong of; and it was ſo often reverberated in my ear, that I wiſhed, for the ſake of the mother, as well as the daughter, that her fortune had lain more in her *mind**.

THE

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* The mind with uſeful knowledge ſtor'd,
Delight and pleaſure will afford.

THE BANKRUPT TRADESMAN, WITHOUT LOSS OR MISFORTUNE.

Beware of Extravagance.

A YOUNG man of good character, ſets up in buſineſs with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit; and ſoon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his buſineſs increaſes; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it neceſſary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are ſoon found to be inconvenient, and for a very ſmall additional expenſe he might have a ſnug little box of his own. A ſnug little box is taken, repaired, new-modelled, and furniſhed.

Here he always ſpends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him juſt to eat a bit of mutton, and to ſee how comfortably he is ſituated in the country. Viſitors of this ſort are not wanting. One is invited becauſe he is a cuſtomer, another becauſe he may aſſiſt him in his buſineſs, a third becauſe he is a relation of his own or his wife's, a fourth becauſe he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth becauſe he is very entertaining; beſides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to ſtay to dinner, although they have an engagement ſomewhere elſe.

He now keeps his horſes for the ſake of exerciſe; but as this is a ſolitary kind of pleaſure which his wife cannot ſhare, and as the expence of a whiſky can be but trifling where a horſe is already kept, a whiſkey is purchaſed, in which he takes out his wife

and his child as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a whiſkey is but indifferent amuſement to ſober people; his wife too is timorous, and ever ſince ſhe heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident, by the ſtumbling of her horſe, will not ſet her foot in one; Beſides the expence of a horſe and whiſkey, with what is occaſionally ſpent in coach-hire, falls ſo little ſhort of what his friend Mr. Harneſs aſks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never may be made him again.

The job-coach is agreed for, and the boy in a plain coat with a red cape to it, that uſed to clean the knives, wait at table, and look after the horſe, becomes a ſmart footman with a handſome livery. The ſnug little box is now too ſmall for ſo large a family. There is a charming houſe, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from London, but delightfully ſituated, the unexpired leaſe of which might be had a great bargain. The premiſes, to be ſure, are ſomewhat more extenſive than he ſhould want, but the houſe is new, and, for a moderate expenſe, might be put into moſt excellent repair.

Hither he removes; hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and ſupplies his own table with every thing in ſeaſon, for little more than double the money the ſame articles would coſt if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now ſeems comfortable; but his friend Harneſs does not treat him ſo well as he expected. His horſes are often ill matched, and the coachman ſometimes even peremptorily refuſes to drive them a few miles extraordinary, for why, "he's anſwerable to Maſter for the poor beaſts." His expenſes, it is true, are as much as he can afford; but having coach-houſe and ſtables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent graſs, he might certainly keep his own coach and horſes for leſs money than he pays to Harneſs. A rich relation of his

wife's

wife's too is dying, and has often promiſed to leave her ſomething handſome.

The job-coach is diſcharged, he keeps his own carriage, and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more viſits than ſhe could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage is but a bad ſubſtitute for a ride on horſeback, in the way of exerciſe; he muſt have a ſaddle-horſe; and ſubſcribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own ſake, and to the neareſt aſſemblies for the ſake of his wife.

During all this progreſs, his buſineſs has not been neglected; but his capital, originally ſmall, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies; his expenſes are evidently greater than his income; and in a very few years, with the beſt intentions in the world, and wanting no good quality but foreſight to avoid, or reſolution to retrench expences which his buſineſs cannot ſupport; his country-houſe and equipage, aſſiſted by the many good friends who almoſt conſtantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the Gazette.

The country-houſe is let, the equipage is ſold, his friends ſhrug up their ſhoulders, inquire for how much he has failed, wonder it was not for more, ſay he was a good creature and an honeſt creature; but they always thought it would come to this, pity him from their very ſouls, hope his creditors will be favourable to him, and go to find dinners elſewhere.

REFLECTIONS
ON
SYMPATHY AND COMPASSION.

Weep with thoſe that weep.

THE word Sympathy, in its moſt proper and primitive ſignification, denotes our fellow-feeling

with the ſufferings of others. It is, in ſome ſenſe, more univerſal than that of joy. What we feel does not, indeed, amount to that complete ſympathy, to that harmony and correſpondence of ſentiments, which conſtitute approbation. We do not weep, exclaim, and lament, with the ſufferer. We are ſenſible, on the contrary, of his weakneſs, and of the extravagance of his paſſion, and yet often feel a very ſenſible concern on his account. But if we do not entirely enter into, and go along with, the joy of another, we have no ſort of regard or fellow-feeling for it. The man who ſkips and dances about with that intemperate and thoughtleſs joy which we cannot accompany him in, is the object of our contempt and indignation.

Our ſympathy with pain, though it falls greatly ſhort of what is naturally felt by the ſufferer, is generally a more lively and diſtinct perception than our ſympathy with pleaſure. Certain it is, we often ſtruggle hard to keep down our ſympathy with the ſorrows of others. For, whenever we are not under the obſervation of the ſufferer, we endeavour for our own ſake, to ſuppreſs it as much as we can, and yet are not always ſucceſsful. But we never have occaſion to make this oppoſition to our ſympathy with joy. We often feel a ſympathy with ſorrow, when we would wiſh to be rid of it; and we often miſs that with joy when we would be glad to have it. The man, who, under the greateſt calamities, can command his ſorrow, ſeems worthy of the higheſt admiration; but he, who, in the fulneſs of proſperity, can in the ſame manner maſter his joy, ſeems hardly to deſerve any praiſe.

What can be added to the happineſs of the man who is in health, out of debt, and has a clear conſcience? To one in this ſituation, all acceſſions of fortune may properly be ſaid to be ſuperfluous: But,

though

though little can be added to this ſtate, much may be taken from it. Though between this condition and the higheſt pitch of human proſperity, the interval is but a trifle; between it and the loweſt depth of miſery, the diſtance is immenſe and prodigious. Adverſity, upon this account, neceſſarily depreſſes the mind of the ſufferer much more below its natural ſtate, than proſperity can elevate him above it. It is, therefore, upon this account, that, however our ſympathy with ſorrow is often a more pungent ſenſation than our ſympathy with joy, it always falls very ſhort of the violence of what is naturally felt by the perſon principally concerned.

When we attend to the repreſentation of a tragedy, we ſtruggle againſt that ſympathetic ſorrow which the entertainment inſpires as long as we can, and we give way to it at laſt only when we can no longer avoid it; if we ſhed tears, we endeavour to conceal them, and are afraid leſt the ſpectators, not entering into this exceſſive tenderneſs, ſhould regard it as effeminacy and weakneſs. The wretch, whoſe misfortunes call upon our compaſſion, feels with what reluctance we are likely to enter into this ſorrow, and therefore propoſes his grief to us with fear and heſitation; he even ſmothers the half of it, and is aſhamed, upon account of this hard-heartedneſs of mankind, to give vent to the fulneſs of his affliction. It is otherwiſe with the man who riots in joy and ſucceſs. Wherever envy does not intereſt us againſt him, he expects our completeſt ſympathy. He does not fear, therefore, to announce himſelf with ſhouts of exultation, in full confidence that we are heartily diſpoſed to go along with him.

How hearty are the acclamations of the mob who never bear any envy to their ſuperiors at a triumph or public entry? And how ſedate and moderate is commonly their grief at an execution? Our ſorrow

at a funeral generally amounts to no more than an affected gravity; but our mirth at a chriſtening, or a marriage, is always from the heart, and without any affectation. On the contrary, when we condole with our friends in their afflictions, how little do we feel, in compariſon of what they feel? We ſit down by them, we look at them, and, while they relate to us the circumſtances of their misfortunes, we liſten, it may be, to them with gravity and attention: But while their narration is every moment interrupted by thoſe natural burſts of ſorrow, which often ſeem almoſt to choak them in the midſt of it, how far are the languid emotions of our hearts from keeping time to the pungent feelings of theirs? We may even inwardly reproach ourſelves with our own want of ſenſibility, and perhaps, upon that account, work ourſelves up into an artificial ſympathy; which, however, when it is raiſed, is the ſlighteſt and moſt tranſitory imaginable; and, generally, as ſoon as we have left the room, vaniſhes, and is gone for ever.

It is upon account of this dull ſenſibility to the afflictions of others, that magnanimity amidſt great diſtreſs appears always ſo divinely graceful. He appears to be more than mortal, who can ſupport the moſt dreadful calamities. We are amazed to find that he can command himſelf ſo entirely. His firmneſs, at the ſame time, perfectly coincides with our inſenſibility. There is the moſt perfect correſpondence between his ſentiments and ours, and upon that account the moſt perfect propriety in his behaviour. We wonder at that ſtrength of mind which is capable of ſo noble and generous an effort; and this ſentiment of complete ſympathy and approbation, mixed and animated with wonder and ſurpriſe, conſtitutes what is properly called admiration.

Cato, ſurrounded on all ſides by his enemies, unable to reſiſt them, diſdaining to ſubmit to them, and

reduced,

reduced, by the proud maxims of that age, to the neceſſity of deſtroying himſelf; yet, never ſhrinking from his misfortunes, never ſupplicating, with the lamentable voice of wretchedneſs, thoſe miſerable, ſympathetic tears, which we are always ſo unwilling to give; but, on the contrary, arming himſelf with manly fortitude, and, the moment before he executes his fatal reſolution, giving, with his uſual tranquility, all neceſſary orders for the ſafety of his friends, appears to Seneca, that great preacher of inſenſibility, a ſpectacle, which even the gods themſelves might behold with pleaſure and admiration.

Whenever we meet, in common life, with any examples of ſuch heroic magnanimity, we are always extremely affected. We are more apt to weep and ſhed tears for ſuch as, in this manner, ſeem to feel nothing for themſelves, than for thoſe who give way to all the weakneſs of ſorrow; and, in this particular caſe, the ſympathetic grief of the ſpectator appears to go beyond the original paſſion, in the perſon principally concerned. The friends of Socrates all wept when he drank the laſt baneful potion, while he himſelf expreſſed the gayeſt and moſt cheerful tranquility.

Upon all ſuch occaſions the ſpectator makes no effort in order to conquer his ſympathetic ſorrow. He is under no fear that it will tranſport him to any thing that is extravagant and improper; he is rather pleaſed with the ſenſibility of his own heart, and gives way to it with complacence and ſelf-approbation.

On the contrary, he always appears, in ſome meaſure, mean and deſpicable, who is ſunk in ſorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own. We cannot bring ourſelves to feel for him, what he feels for himſelf, and what, perhaps, we ſhould feel for ourſelves, if in his ſituation; we therefore deſpiſe him;

him; unjuſtly perhaps, if any ſentiment could be regarded as unjuſt, to which we are by nature irreſiſtibly determined. How did it diſgrace the memory of the intrepid Duke of Biron, who had ſo often braved death in the field, that he wept upon the ſcaffold, when he beheld the ſtate to which he was fallen; and remembered the favour and the glory from which his own raſhneſs had ſo unfortunately thrown him!

MARIUS,
OR,
THE ABUSE OF RICHES:

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

MARIUS is a man of a very extenſive fortune, of opulent connexions, and poſſeſſed of health, talents, and every comfort that Fortune, as ſhe is called, can beſtow upon man: his wife is allowed to be one of the moſt beautiful, accompliſhed, and amiable women in England. Marius therefore ſeems apparently to think himſelf too happy, and in order to familiarize his mind with misfortune, has connected himſelf with a woman of the ſtage, poſſeſſed indeed of ſome beauty, but without one ſpark of honour, generoſity, or tenderneſs.

On this woman Marius ſquanders immenſe ſums, without even obtaining her affections; ſhe receives the price of her interviews with the coolneſs of a common bargain of trade, and deſpiſes her cuſtomer at heart; nay inſults him to his face, and in the preſence of others; but he yet doats upon her, and unleſs that fickleneſs of taſte which is peculiar to men of gallantry, comes to his relief, he will probably impair his health and fortune in her ſervice. Are theſe acts of a wiſe man? Are men happy in pro-

portion

portion as they are rich*? But Marius is not a ſingular character. Hundreds every day give proof that if riches confer happineſs, it is a happineſs of which they are heartily tired, and of which they ſtrive to get rid by the quickeſt poſſible means. And after every conſideration of this ſubject, it will be found that the uſe of riches, as of every other poſſeſſion, conſiſts in moderation.

Leſs than moderation is niggardlineſs; more is intemperance. The one narrows and confines the heart, the other corrupts and pollutes it.

A WALK IN BEDLAM HOSPITAL.

BY A LADY.

Some of the lunatics I obſerved were playing at cards, whilſt numbers were walking about, eating their dinners in clean wooden bowls, very contented and cheerful. One of this claſs much urged me to partake with him. His appearance and behaviour retained much of the gentleman; amidſt his wanderings he was very polite, but uneaſy under reſtraint. He ſaid, he was uſed very ill to be put under confinement, for which no one gave him a reaſon; therefore, he urged us to procure his enlargement, by application to ſome perſons of diſtinction and power, to whom he would give us an addreſs. I inquired the cauſe of this lively captive's being in durance, and learned he was a victim to ill-fated *love!*

At our entrance among the *female* patients (where no man was permitted to attend us) I addreſſed myſelf to a well-looking matron, and admiring the neatneſs

* Wealth never can *true* happineſs procure:
Contented minds are happy tho' they're poor.

neſs of her dreſs, which was a black taffeta pinned back, ſhe told me, ſilks of that texture were ſo conſtantly hitching here and there, that ſhe choſe to make a ſuit of clothes of it at once, and then it was a court day always. I had converſed with this lady but a few minutes, before ſhe diſcovered the provincial dialect of the company, and aſked for ſeveral families in Glouceſter-ſhire. This being a lucid interval with ſeveral; another lunatic argued very calmly, that ſhe was not mad, but confined to make her ſo, that ſome near relation of her's might take poſſeſſion of her fortune and eſtate. But if thoſe viſitors, who ſaw her in that diſmal manſion, had one ſpark of benevolence, humanity, or pity warming their boſoms; ſhe conjured us, by all that was good and ſacred, to uſe the means ſhe pointed out, with ſeeming reaſon, to procure her liberty. She extorted the promiſe ſhe ſo ardently deſired; and then, with an awful ſolemnity, She added, "God was juſt; and if we did not religiouſly keep the promiſe made to her, might vengeance purſue the violators, and all the thunder-bolts of heaven deſcend on our heads; for ſhe was Jove's wife, and Jupiter had undone her. Pride and romantic notions, which dethrone reaſon, and deſtroy human happineſs, I found had a great ſhare in turning the brains of this ſuppoſed goddeſs.

Theſe likewiſe uſurped a powerful ſway in the next object I turned to, who was a lady that fancied herſelf an *empreſs*. I made my court to her by offering my ſnuff-box, as I found a ſmall paper of ſnuff had been a more acceptable preſent to each individual before, than the freedom of the city, or a purſe of gold could poſſibly have been. This Utopian queen, with her paper crown and ſupercilious air however, did me the honour to take a pinch of ſnuff from me; but had ſhe held out the ſceptre of royalty

royalty, ſhe could not have ſeemed to have conferred a greater dignity on me, than by the extenſion of her hand.

Converſation ſeemed a reviving cordial to moſt of the other female patients, who were ſolicitous to engage me in it, according to their different turns of mind, or diſorders, in which they ſhowed the influence their religion and country had over them. The Roman Catholics mourned I was not fluent in the French language, and that I could not diſcouſe of their bleſſed Lady, the Virgin Mary, nor any of their holy ſaints.

The laſt perſon I converſed with in theſe gloomy walls, aſked me if I was acquainted with Mr. John Weſly, the preacher? On my anſwering I knew him, the ſweet creature ſaid, ſhe had been crucified to him *ten* years; and his croſs was eaſy to bear. I then aſked her the reaſon of her confinement? She very ſerenely replied, that her huſband and two pretty babes died laſt Chriſtmas, and her cruel brother would not let her take leave of either, but had the coffins nailed up without letting her take one parting kiſs! "And you know, Madam," ſaid the poor diſtreſſed object, (her boſom heaving with maternal ſighs, and her eyes imploring pity!) "I could not follow the corpſe of my dear Charles, and our ſweet children, like a cow lowing for her calf."

I could not help ſmiling at her expreſſions, though I lamented in thought, that this combat of religion and natural affection, which are in themſelves ſo pure, ſhould have been too ſtrong for the intellects of this amiable innocent, which I found to be the caſe; for ſhe ſeemed to intimate, God would have no rivals in the hearts of thoſe he ſanctified, and therefore took her huſband and children from her; but ſhe ſhould aſſuredly go to heaven to them, and meet to part no more; and there ſhe earneſtly wiſhed to

meet

meet me, a wiſh I ſincerely joined in; but was obliged to give her ſome hope of ſeeing me once more on earth firſt, as ſhe entreated me to viſit her again, and to remember how faſt we are all haſtening out of this world, and to be prepared for the next.

I left the women's ward with her fervent bleſſing, and quitted Bedlam, fully convinced of the truth of a common obſervation; That there are many more mad perſons out of it, than in it.

RELIGION THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Deſire not riches, they Bewitch:—
Contentment makes the poor man rich.

THE coveteous man, never ſatisfied with adding houſe to houſe, field to field, and thouſand to thouſand, is a glaring proof that happineſs is not obtained by riches, nor content purchaſed by abundance; the ſacred records aſſure us, riches take themſelves wings, and flee away like an eagle towards heaven; the young man in the Goſpel thought himſelf a happy man with the poſſeſſion of the wealth of this world, till Chriſt informed him of the neceſſity of parting with all, if he would attain eternal life; indeed, if we look around us, and obſerve the actions of the major part of mankind, we ſhall find wealth the goal they are daily running to, the mark they are conſtantly ſhooting at, or the foundation on which they vainly imagine felicity is built. But the grand miſtake of the multitude lies, in taking the ſhadow for the ſubſtance, and following an *ignis fatuus* inſtead of the light of truth.

Let the ſober and diſcerning man be aſked what is happineſs, or wherein does it conſiſt? and he will anſwer, in the tranquil poſſeſſion of a contented mind;—

yes,

yes, it muſt be ſo, or whence is it, that we ſo often ſee the laborious hind cheerful, though a ſtranger to riches, and barely maintained by his daily toil? It is not affluence; it is not honours; it is not dignity or renown, that conſtitute or can procure *true* happineſs; no, they are utterly inſufficient, even though accompanied with all the dazzling ſplendor of nobility and parade, to procure eaſe under trouble, comfort in affliction, or ſupport in the views of death. *Religion* alone, as Dr. YOUNG very juſtly ſays, in his Night Thoughts,

> Amid life's pains, abaſements, emptineſs,
> The ſoul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

G. W.

A FRIENDLY ADMONITION, TO EVERY READER.

> Retire; the world ſhut out; thy thoughts call home.
> Dr. YOUNG.

IN the midſt of the hurries and buſtle of trade and merchandiſe, ſurrounded with a thouſand objects to engage the attention, and conſtantly employed in purſuit of the things of time and ſenſe, what more ſeaſonable and important admonition can be given to the wealthy merchant and induſtrious tradeſman, than that which is held out and contained in the motto I have choſen as above, from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts?

Retire! yes, it is the duty of every ſon and daughter of Adam to retire; but you may aſk, *For* what, *from* what, and *when* muſt I retire? I anſwer *From* the common concerns of life, to inquire how matters ſtand between God and the ſoul, *every evening*, before you retire to reſt.

To be wholly ſwallowed up in the affairs and buſineſs of *this* world, without a thought on, and much leſs preparation for, another and better world beyond the grave, ſeems to me very impolitic, to ſay the leaſt of it; but it is the caſe of too many, even profeſſors of religion, in the preſent day; if they can but make themſelves maſters of the mammon of unrighteouſneſs, and become the ſons of fortune; little, if any care is taken to be rich in good works; leſs concern, if poſſible, felt about the future well-being of the immortal ſoul; and no thought at all inculcated, reſpecting the grand and important point of the end of man's creation, and the means to attain it. If this is the caſe, our being called Chriſtians is only a burleſque upon Chriſtianity, and our profeſſions of religion only hypocriſy and deception.

G. W.

THE BENEFITS OF CHRISTIAN PATIENCE UNDER GREAT DISTRESS.

Thy will, O God! not mine, be done.

CHRISTIAN patience is allowed to be the univerſal panacea under inevitable misfortunes; It has a wonderful efficacy to ſtrengthen and ſupport the mind, whilſt it rectifies the judgment, and removes from the eye that falſe glare, through which it was wont to view the objects of ſenſe.

We are directed by it, to converſe with the great Father of Spirits, which elevates the ſoul above the ſenſe of human diſtreſs. At ſuch a time, it is a conſolatory thought to meditate on what the Saviour of the world ſuffered when on earth; how he left the boſom of his Father, and the right hand of glory, in the celeſtial manſions,

manſions, to endure the complicated diſtreſs of pain, penury, and reproach, to redeem us from ſin, miſery, and woe.

I have been viſiting the manſions of poverty and diſeaſe, which has given my thoughts a very ſerious turn. This day have I ſeen a divine of eminent learning, who was lately held in high eſteem, now ſunk by the power of oppreſſion and reſentment, to abſolute penury, without a ſhilling for ſupport, and attacked by a complication of diſorders, which renders the unhappy object unable to do any thing to alleviate his diſtreſs.

This is a ſcene which draws very hard upon humanity; and thoſe perſons who baſk in affluence, and never turn their feet to the habitations of miſery, nor their ear to its complaints, can have but little idea what their fellow-creatures ſuffer, whoſe delicacy of ſituation will not permit them to be common beggars.

Well might Job ſay, Man is born to trouble as the ſparks fly upward; for dangers meet him at his firſt entrance into life, and he enters into it crying, which implies pain: and no ſooner doth he commence an actor on the tranſitory ſtage, than he is ſubject to innumerable impending evils; which are often the harbingers of that real grief, which bedews his way with tears, from the cradle to grave. Nor can infant innocence, youthful vivacity, manly ſtrength, ſapient age, nor yet the benign ſmiles of an earthly prince, ſecure the man from that numerous train of evils incident to mortality.

VIRTUE, MAN's HIGHEST INTEREST.

A SOLILOQUY.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe and unknown expanſion.

Where

Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every inſtance to my convenience? is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf? No, nothing like it, the fartheſt from it poſſible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone? It does not. But is it not poſſible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be out of my power, it is not poſſible. What conſequences then follows? or can there be any other than this? If I ſeek an intereſt of my own detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence.

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all? If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here: It is a ſmoky houſe, and the ſooner out of it the better. But why no intereſt? Can I be contented with none but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and all the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is ſomewhere at leaſt poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it: and what follows; If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill; I ſtop not here; I purſue this ſocial intereſt as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them

them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, and by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again, I muſt have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? and to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſts of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on? Were this order once confounded I ſhould not probably ſurvive a moment, ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common parent.

Virtue alone is happineſs below;
And all our knowledge is—ourſelves to know. POPE.

VIRTUE ENFORCED ON ALL,

FROM THE

HOPES AND FEARS OF A FUTURE STATE.

TO impreſs mankind with a lively and deep perſuation that a vicious life will moſt certainly lead to eternal miſery, and the oppoſite to eternal happineſs in another ſtate and world, cannot be too frequently made a topic with thoſe, whoſe peculiar office it is to ſet forth the great truths of religion.

How did my ſoul rejoice within me, on hearing our curate the other day expatiate on the joys of futurity! The happineſs of heaven, he ſaid, is beyond any thing we can conceive in this ſtate of imperfection. It is a felicity not only perfect in degree, but perpetual in duration. As it is a perfect felicity, it

muſt be the moſt refined, and ſpiritual: It muſt conſiſt in the extenſion of our knowledge, and ſublimation of our love. Our underſtandings will be enlarged and enlightened with a brighter diſplay of the divine perfections, with a clearer knowledge of the divine works, in the wonders of creation, of providence, of grace—while, united in the bonds of indiſſoluble friendſhip, and glowing with the ardours of ſeraphic love, we ſhall participate with the heavenly choir in ſwelling the ſong of unceaſing gratitude, adoration, and praiſe to the eternal Fountain and Author of all happineſs. At the ſame time, while abſorbed in this delightful employment, we ſhall inſenſibly grow into a reſemblance of the Deity—We ſhall ſee God, and we ſhall be like Him. And can greater happineſs be conceived, than to be like Him who is the inexhauſtible ſource of felicity and perfection?

Beſides, in the preſence of God (he continued) there is not only fulneſs of joy, but pleaſures for evermore. Indeed, without the addition of an *eternal* duration, the ſum of the heavenly felicity muſt be deficient.

It muſt ſtrike a damp on the joys of the bleſſed, to think a time, however remote, was fixed for the period of them. And the more exalted their happineſs were, this thought would give proportionable pain.

Divine wiſdom, therefore, hath ſo ordained—that while the falſe and empty delights of this world are temporary and tranſient, the truer and more ſubſtantial pleaſures of the other ſhould be permanent, as they are excellent—and that heaven ſhould not only be an exceeding but an *eternal* weight of glory—to poſſeſs the mind with a full and complete felicity.

Again, how was I ſhocked with horror when the

ſame

ſame preacher reverſed the picture, and proceeded to deſcribe the torments of the damned! "Their miſery," he obſerved, "will principally conſiſt in an excluſion from the bliſsful preſence of God. They ſhall have a *diſtant* ſight, indeed, of the heavenly world, but it will be a ſight in the ſame ſituation the rich man in the Goſpel ſaw Paradiſe—with an impaſſible gulph between! A ſight that muſt ſerve only to inflame their ſelf-condemnation, their diſappointment, and deſpair!

"Their miſery will further conſiſt (he added) in a remorſe of conſcience; ariſing from reflections on their paſt lives—their baſe ingratitude to God—their obſtinate folly, and perverſeneſs—intimated by the ſcripture expreſſion of the worm that never dieth. A worm that will prey upon their minds, with an infinitely keener anguiſh, than a worm preys on our mortal fleſh. Inſtead of the pleaſures reſulting from extended knowledge, from the endearing enjoyments of the pureſt love, the tendereſt friendſhips, and the ſublime raptures of praiſe and adoration which ever agitate the boſoms of the bleſſed; the accurſed ſhall know more, only to be more miſerable; and by the exerciſe of the moſt diabolical paſſions, of envy, hatred, malice, and revenge, ſhall only ſtrive more and more to aggravate each other's torment. This, added to that blackneſs of darkneſs, or the flames of that fire that ſhall never be quenched, to which they are doomed—muſt conſtitute a miſery ſufficiently dreadful. A miſery, however, ſtill imbittered by the ingredient—its eternal duration. *Eternal!* how muſt this thought ſharpen the edge of the ſufferings, and heap up the meaſure of infernal woe!

HUMANITY

HUMANITY AND BENEVOLENCE;

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

YOUTH is the proper ſeaſon for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connexions comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities.

Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule, of "doing in all things to others according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto you." For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man.

Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years. Compaſſion is an emotion of which you ought never to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs in any of your amuſements, nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

NERVOUS COMPLAINTS THE EFFECTS OF LUXURY.

Luxurious indolence generates diſeaſes.

IT is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the mind is ſimilar to the body, and influenced according as we exerciſe it; thus exertion of the body will give it ſtrength, and exerciſing our judgment and memory will add to our ſtock of ideas, and form a pleaſure not to be taſted by an ignorant barbarian.

Nervous complaints are more frequent in what we call civilized countries, and where luxuries are introduced, than in thoſe where the ſuperfluities of life are not ſo abundant, and in every country more among the *rich* than the lower claſſes of people; for where the principal care of a man's life conſiſts in finding means to ſupport himſelf and his family, he is always engaged in a pleaſing attention, and there is but little time for the introduction of any other care on his mind than his daily employ; which, if laborious, enſures him health, and makes the bed of repoſe on which he reſts his fatigued limbs, one of the principal comforts of his life*; if there happens to be a day on which he refrains from his uſual exertions, he enjoys the pleaſures of ſatiety; and even a little idleneſs, as being a novelty, pleaſes him.

Let us conſider another character, a man who enjoys an ample fortune: He may be ſuppoſed to make himſelf happy with the idea that there are a number of mechanics and ſervants who are ready, for pay, to provide any object or pleaſure which his fancy

* The ſleep of a labouring man is ſweet.
ECCLESIASTES, v. 12.

fancy may dictate; ſo far from merely ſatisfying thoſe deſires which Nature intended he ſhould poſſeſs for the purpoſe of maintaining life and propagating his ſpecies, he is pleaſed with any invention which can give a poignancy to his daily food; and ſtudies every means to gratify his luſt, and give a double reliſh to every kind of enjoyment, till at length his mind can only be charmed by every ſpecies of luxury; his ſenſes and appetites being repeatedly abuſed by too frequent a repetition of what can give them pleaſure, become in ſome meaſure callous, and at certain times loſe their capability of receiving ſatisfaction.

The rich man finds himſelf liſtleſs, and complaint of lowneſs of ſpirits, which complaint is generally termed nervous. In ſuch caſes the bottle is frequently had recourſe to, which intoxicates the mind and gives a *temporary* flow of ſpirits; a ſubſequent lowneſs is the conſequence, which renders neceſſary a repetition of the intoxicating draught; and thus a habit of drinking is eſtabliſhed, which brings on many nervous and chronic diſeaſes, and eventually deſtroys the beſt conſtitutions.

APPROVED MAXIMS.

WORTHY REMEMBRANCE AND REGARD.

HYPOCRICY is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his *own* eyes.

Self-partiality hides from us thoſe very faults in ourſelves, which we ſee and blame in others.

The injuries we do, and thoſe we ſuffer, are ſeldom weighed in the ſame balance.

Men generally put a greater value on the favours they beſtow, than on thoſe they receive. He

He who is puffed up with the firſt gale of proſperity, will bend beneath the firſt blaſt of adverſity.

Examine well the counſels that favour your deſires.

The pomp which diſtinguiſhes the great man from the mob, defends him not from a fever nor from grief.

The ſmalleſt prick of a nail, the ſlighteſt paſſion of the ſoul, is capable of rendering inſipid the monarchy of the world.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Thoſe who are the moſt faulty, are the moſt prone to find faults in others.

To be angry is to puniſh myſelf for the fault of another.

The moſt profitable revenge, the moſt rational, and the moſt pleaſant, is to make it the intereſt of the injurious perſon not to hurt you a ſecond time.

Be moderate in your pleaſures, that your reliſh for them may continue.

Solicitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a ſafer and eaſier courſe frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant: We admire his modeſty. He ſays he is old: We ſcarce think him ſo. He declares himſelf poor: We do not believe it.

To gain knowledge of ourſelves, the beſt way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for diſcovering our own.

Apply yourſelf more to acquire knowledge than to ſhow it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little ſtock they have; but they take little pains to acquire more.

If you would teach ſecrecy to others, begin with yourſelf. How can you expect another will keep your ſecret, when you yourſelf cannot? To

To deal with a man you muſt know his temper, by which you can lead him; or his ends, by which you can purſuade him; or his friends, by whom you can govern him.

The firſt ingredient in converſation is truth; the next, good ſenſe; the third, good humour; the laſt, wit.

To be an Engliſhman in London, a Frenchman in Paris, a Spaniard in Madrid, is no eaſy matter; and yet it is neceſſary.

He who cannot bear a jeſt ought never to make one.

RURAL FELICITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Sweet are the pleaſures of a rural life.

MANY are the ſilent and unenvied pleaſures of the honeſt peaſant, who riſes cheerfully to his ruſtic labour. Look into his dwelling, where the ſcene of every man's happineſs chiefly lies: He has the ſame domeſtic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the moſt affluent ſtation; and I make no doubt but if the true account of his joys and ſufferings were to be balanced with thoſe of his betters, that the upſhot would prove to be little more than this; that the rich man had the more meat, but the poor man the better ſtomach; the one had more luxury, more able phyſicians to attend and ſet him to rights; the other, more health and ſoundneſs in his bones, and leſs occaſion for their help; that, after theſe two articles betwixt them were balanced, in all other things they ſtood upon a level; that the

ſun

ſun ſhines as warm, the air blows as freſh, and the earth breaths as fragrant upon the one as the other; and that they have an *equal* ſhare in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

A bed of flow'rs, a grove, a level plain,
A riſing hill, a field of golden grain;
A lowly cottage more true pleaſure brings,
Than pomp can furniſh in the courts of kings.
It needs no toil to find the way to bliſs;
Who makes *content* his guide, can never miſs:
No lofty walls this heav'nly flower embrace,
All wild it grows, and blooms in every place.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR;

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

A YOUNG fellow, who ſtands in the relationſhip of couſin-german to me, is what may juſtly be termed a conſtitutional ſelf-tormentor. For he was ſo even from his infancy. When a ſchool-boy, whatever was in another's poſſeſſion he always conſidered better than his own. His top never ſpun ſo well, nor his marbles rolled ſo dexterouſly, as thoſe of his companions. His taſk was always harder than any body elſe's, and his repetition of it liſtened to with prejudiced ears by our maſter.

On entering into life, this ſtrange humour increaſed upon him. He conceived every dinner he was not a partaker of, much more excellent than the one in which he participated. Every taylor, if he changed a dozen times a month, was ſmarter than thoſe he employed: and every eſtate he heard of, happier

ſituated and better improved than his own, though the rents were much inferior to what he was in the receipt of.

He attached himſelf to a fine accompliſhed girl, but ſoon found out that her ſiſter was much more charming. This ſiſter had a young friend, who had as much the advantage of her, and that friend a relation that ſurpaſſed them all. His ſtrange humour ſoon marked him for an object of contempt; and however, out of reſpect to his family, he is to this day received in ſome few houſes; he is tolerated but not *approved;* and pitied but not *honoured;* notwithſtanding his *birth*, *education*, and large *eſtate*.

MATRIMONIAL INFIDELITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

AN ESSAY.

LORD A. marries Miſs B. becauſe ſhe has a good fortune, and ſhe weds his lordſhip for a *title*. The honey-moon paſt, ſeparate beds take place; they ſeldom meet but at meals, and then ſcarce recollect the ceremony was ever ſaid; and if they do, it is only to upbraid one another upon the authority of being man and wife. This diſagreeable *tete-a-tete* being over, he flies to the arms of his miſtreſs, to find that conſolation his wife could not afford him; and, probably, by way of *lex talionis*, ſhe goes to meet her *Ciſciſbeo*. If her ladyſhip's fortune is nearly exhauſted, and his lordſhip has another rich heireſs in view, he may probably ſue for *crim. con.* to obtain a divorce. If not, he winks at her infidelity, and is very well pleaſed to think, he has a *locum tenens* to take all matrimonial drudgery off his hands; and thus by a

kind

kind of tacit compact, they may continue in a ſtate of adultery for ſome years, without ever upbraiding each other upon this ſcore.

Again, Lord C. marries Lady D. on the ſcore of family alliance and connexion. Lord C. a perfect emaciated macaroni, Lady D. a woman of ſpirit, vigor, and paſſions, finds herſelf deceived in her huſband, and that ſhe might as well have married one of Rackſtrow's dolls. Thus diſappointed, in the very prime of life, when the pulſe beats high, and the blood circulates with juvenile warmth through every vein; may we not ſuppoſe that opportunity and importunity, in a man worthy of her embraces, may ſeduce her from the riged path of virtue, and make her yield to a flame, kindled by nature and fanned by inclination*? The lady cannot, it is true, be vindicated, according to the nice rules of chaſtity and honour; but I think her *nominal* huſband can have but little reaſon to complain; eſpecially, if we find him nightly wallowing in the ſtews of corruption, in the arms of profligate harlots, to gratify an imaginary paſſion, which his whims and caprices, ſuited to the place, can only awaken.

Once more. The Duke of E. weds a moſt amiable woman, on whom he thinks he has fixed his affections, and ſhe entertains the higheſt eſteem for him. For ſome time they live in a ſtate of connubial felicity, and when he might ſay with the poet,

Whilſt in the circle of her arms I lay,
Whole ſummers ſuns roll'd unperceiv'd away:
I years for days, I days for moments told;
And was ſurpris'd to find that I grew old.

So

* *Youth* and *Age*, or *December* and *May*, will ever be a contraſt, particularly in the *marriage* ſtate, which, upon rational principles, can never be happily reconciled.

So far a ſucceſſion of happy months have rolled; but now, whether from ſatiety, or natural propenſity, his favourite amuſements preponderate againſt domeſtic felicity. Horſes, hounds, and the turf, have more charms than the animated Venus de Medicis. Days, weeks, nay *months* elapſe, whilſt the fair Miranda is forgotten for a fox-chace, or ſweepſtakes. Theſe gloomy intervals ſhe muſt fill up with cards, routs, and coquetry—fatal rocks, which too many thoughtleſs females have ſplit upon.

Abſence and neglect on the one hand, aſſiduities and purſuit on the other, will probably create a rival, and ſuppreſs all thoſe virtuous ſcruples, from a breaſt that never meant to deviate from honour.—But as ſhe has a potent rival in Chloe, or Cleopatra (on account of their fleetneſs) ſo his Grace finds one in Capt. Fairface, and at his return diſcovers as much coolneſs in her Grace, as ſhe experienced in him, during a *ſix* weeks abſence.

If ſuch cauſes as theſe do not in ſome meaſure palliate the crime of female infidelity, they at leaſt account for it. And I am ſo far convinced of the natural good diſpoſition of my fair countrywomen, that I will venture to pronounce, not one in a hundred, I might ſay in a thouſand, would go aſtray, if it was not for the unkind behaviour of their huſbands. Let theſe ſtrive to merit the affections of their wives, and there will (I doubt not) be few, if any, complaints of matrimonial infidelities.

THE

THE HYPOCRITE;

A

PICTURE TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Beware of Hypocrites.

HE who appears a ſaint, that he may with greater ſafety act as a devil, is, in my opinion, the worſt of ſinners. There can be no excuſe for him; he cannot even ſay with the generality of offenders, I erred through ignorance, for I knew not what I did.

I once knew a man who would frequently diſburſe conſiderable ſums of money in building churches, and other public acts of charity, where fame might be acquired; and yet, if merit in diſtreſs privately ſued to him for relief, he was always ſo neceſſitated, he had not wherewithal to help them.

I knew another who ſtarved his family, denied them common neceſſaries of life, and preached up mortification for the good of their ſouls; yet would he himſelf partake of every thing voluptuous, at other men's coſt.

His never-ending harangue was that of abuſing mankind openly; laſhing their vices, or follies, in the moſt ill-natured, groſs, foul-mouthed, and ungenerous manner; yet would he fawn, cringe, flatter, and meanly ſue for favours from thoſe above him.

Here was oſtentation, pride, ſelf-eſteem, luxury, avarice, impudence, deceit, and the higheſt degree of ill-nature, all cloaked under the ſanctified pretence of true piety.

THE

FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be conſidered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune expoſes to our view various commodities; *riches*, *eaſe*, *tranquility*, *fame*, *integrity*, *knowledge*, &c.

Every thing is marked at a ſettled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is ſo much ready money which we are to lay out to the beſt advantage. Examine, compare, chuſe, reject, but ſtand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchaſed one thing, repine that you do not poſſeſs another which you did not purchaſe.

Such is the force of well-regulated induſtry, that a ſteady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally enſure ſucceſs. Would you, for inſtance, be rich? Do you think that ſingle point worth the ſacrificing every thing elſe to? You may then be rich. Thouſands have become ſo from the loweſt beginnings, by toil, patient diligence, and attention to the minuteſt articles of expence and profit. But you muſt give up the pleaſures of leiſure, of a vacant mind, and of a free unſuſpicious temper.

"But I cannot ſubmit to drudgery like this, I feel a ſpirit above it." It is well; be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of great price? That too, may be purchaſed by ſteady application, and long ſolitary hours of ſtudy and reflection. Beſtow theſe, and you ſhall be learned.

You are a modeſt man, you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reſerve in your temper which renders it impoſſible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modeſt retirement,

with

with the eſteem of a few intimate friends, with the praiſes of a blameleſs heart, and a delicate ingenuous ſpirit and diſpoſition; but reſign the ſplendid diſtinctions of the world to thoſe who can better ſcramble for them.

PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF THE VALE OF KESWICK, IN CUMBERLAND.

INSTEAD of the narrow ſlip of valley which is ſeen at Dovedale, you have at Keſwick a vaſt amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Inſtead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded iſlands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, moraſs, and bruſhwood. But at Keſwick, you will, on one ſide of the lake, ſee a rich and beautiful landſcape of cultivated fields, riſing to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily diſperſed, and climbing the adjacent hills, ſhade above ſhade, in the moſt various and pictureſque forms. On the oppoſite ſhore, you will find rocks and cliffs of ſtupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, ſome of them a *thouſand* feet high, the woods climbing up their ſteep and ſhaggy ſides, where mortal foot has never yet approached.

On theſe dreadful heights the eagles build their neſts; a variety of water-falls are ſeen pouring from their ſummits, and tumbling in vaſt ſheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence. While on all

all ſides of this immence amphitheatre the lofty mountains riſe around, piercing the very clouds, in ſhapes as ſpiry and fantaſtic as the rocks of Dovedale.

To this I muſt add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories. In other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chaſms or clefts, through which at hand you ſee rich and cultivated vales; and beyond theſe, at various diſtances, mountain riſing over mountain; among which, new proſpects preſent themſelves in a miſt, till the eye is loſt in an agreeable perplexity.

The natural variety of colouring which the ſeveral objects produce, is no leſs wonderful and pleaſing; the ruling tincts in the vallies being thoſe of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, ariſing from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the graſs, and cornfields. Theſe are finely contraſted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow ſtreams of light, the purple hues and miſty azure of the mountains.

Sometimes a ſerene air and clear ſky diſcloſe the tops of the higheſt hills; at other times, you ſee the clouds involving their ſummits, reſting on their ſides, or deſcending to their baſe, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vaſt furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are ſeen in vaſt bodies ſweeping along the hills in gloomy greatneſs, while the lake joins the tumult, and toſſes like a ſea. But in calm weather, the whole ſcene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landſcape in all its beauty: iſlands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are ſeen inverted, and floating on its ſurface.

I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new ſcene of aſtoniſhment

iſhment preſents itſelf; where the valley, lake, and iſlands, ſeem lying at your feet; where this expanſe of water appears diminiſhed to a little pool, amidſt the vaſt and immeaſurable objects that ſurround it; for the ſummits of more diſtant hills appear beyond thoſe you have already ſeen: and, riſing behind each other in ſucceſſive ranges and azure groupes of craggy and broken ſteeps, form an immenſe and awful picture, which can only be expreſſed by the image of a tempeſtuous ſea of mountains.

Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumſtance more—which is, that a walk by ſtill moon-light (at which time the diſtant water-falls are heard in all their variety of ſound) among theſe enchanting dales, opens ſuch ſcenes of delicate beauty, repoſe, and ſolemnity, as exceed all deſcription.

RESIGNATION TO PROVIDENCE RECOMMENDED,

AS THE DUTY OF ALL.

THE darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us; ſome graze againſt us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity: the winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze; the ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt: the inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts. And if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire.

This

This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations.

Let us ſubmit ourſelves to this order; let us be perſuaded that whatever does happen, *ought* to happen, and never be ſo fooliſh as to expoſtulate with Nature. The beſt reſolution we can take is, to ſuffer with patience what we cannot alter; and to purſue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us. For it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad ſoldier who ſighs, and marches on with reluctancy. We muſt receive our orders with ſpirit and cheerfulneſs, and not endeavour to ſlink out of the poſt which is aſſigned us in this beautiful diſpoſition of things, whereof even our ſufferings make a neceſſary part.

Let us addreſs ourſelves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in thoſe admirable verſes:

Parent of nature! Maſter of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My ſteps with cheerful reſignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on;
Why ſhould I grieve, when grieving I muſt bear?
Or take with guilt, what guiltleſs I might ſhare?

Thus let us ſpeak, and thus let us act. Reſignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt, or cenſure, the diſpenſations of Providence; and, inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up for correcting that of our Maker.

THE

THE

INDIAN AND BRITISH OFFICER:

A TRUE STORY.

DURING the laſt war in America, a company of the Delaware Indians attacked a ſmall detachment of the Britiſh troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of ſwiftneſs of foot, and were eager in the purſuit, very few of the fugitives eſcaped; and thoſe who fell into the enemy's hands, were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in the country.

Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury; as they were armed with a kind of battle-ax, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hope of eſcape, and thought only of ſelling his life as dearly as he could; but juſt at this criſis another Indian came up, who ſeemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man inſtantly drew his bow; but after having taken his aim at the officer, he ſuddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interpoſed between him and his purſuers, who were about to cut him in pieces—they retired with reſpect.

The old man then took the officer by the hand, ſoothed him into confidence by careſſes; and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindneſs which did honour to his profeſſions. He made him leſs a ſlave than a *companion*, taught him the language of the country, and inſtructed him in the rude arts that are practiſed by the inhabitants. They lived together in the moſt cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that ſometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for

ſome

ſome minutes, with a ſteady and ſilent attention, burſt into tears.

In the mean time the ſpring returned; and the Indians having recourſe to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was ſtill vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, ſet out with them, and was accompanied by his priſoner. They marched above two hundred leagues, acroſs the foreſt, and came at length to a plain where the Britiſh forces were encamped. The old man ſhowed his priſoner the tents at a diſtance, at the ſame time remarked his countenance with the moſt diligent attention. "There," ſays he, "are your countrymen; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember, that I have ſaved thy life, that I have taught thee to conſtruct a canoe, and to arm thyſelf with a bow and arrows; to ſurpriſe the beaver in the foreſt, to wield the tomahawk, and to ſcalp the enemy. What waſt thou when I firſt took thee to my hut? Thy hands were thoſe of an infant; they were fit neither to procure thee ſuſtenance nor ſafety. Thy ſoul was in utter darkneſs: thou waſt ignorant of every thing; and thou oweſt all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet againſt us?"

The officer replied, "That he would rather loſe his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, ſtood ſome time ſilent: then looking earneſtly at his priſoner, he ſaid, in a voice that was at once ſoftened by tenderneſs and grief, "Haſt thou a father?"—"My father," ſaid the young man, "was alive when I left my country."—"Alas," ſaid the Indian, "how wretched muſt he be!" He pauſed a moment, and then added, "Doſt thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more. I ſaw my ſon fall in battle; he fought at my ſide; I ſaw him expire! but he died like a man.

He

He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet; but I have revenged him!"

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence; his body shook with an universal tremor; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?"—"Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."—"I have none," said the Indian! and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" says he; "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"—"Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily; and immediately added, "Go, return to thy countrymen, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

ON

DISSIMULATION AND SINCERITY:

A FRAGMENT.

DISSIMULATION in youth is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with

God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth.

In all your proceedings be direct and conſiſtent. Sincerity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charms; they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. The path of truth is a plain and ſafe path; that of falſehood is a perplexing maze. . . . . .

ON ORATORY;

OR,

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is certain that proper geſtures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much ſtudied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt arguments he can make uſe of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the ſame time that they ſhow the ſpeaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others.

We are told, that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by the vehemence of action with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The Greek orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, If they

were

were ſo much affected by the bare *reading* of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence? . . . . . .

THE RURAL PROSPECT:

A SOLILOQUY.

Reflective minds are pleas'd with rural ſcenes.

WHAT a delightful proſpect does this lofty rock afford one who admires the ſimplicity and magnificence of nature!

What freſhneſs in the air! Every breeze is embalmed! What fragrance in the herbs! They are ſpringing around me; they vegetate the very rock, and cover its ſummit and ſides with verdure. The day-break begins to diſſipate the ſhades of night; but the dawning light comes on ſo gently, that the vapours are imperceptably diſpelled. The dark veil which lately hung upon the brow of the hill, is removed for a mantle perfectly tranſparent. Already one half of the heavens is illuminated. The birth of a new morning is announced by the voice of animated nature.

The riſing zephyr ruſtles among the leaves. From the neighbouring cottages aſcend the wreaths of ſmoke. The planet Venus, alone, diſputes for a while the empire of the morning; but, after the conteſt of a few minutes, ſhe retires vanquiſhed, and leaves the triumph of Aurora complete. And now her triumph is indeed rapid. Ah! too lively an emblem of human happineſs. Nothing ſo brilliant while it is advancing; nor any thing ſo ſhort as its continuance.

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The tender colours of the morn preſently give place to the more animated fire and hues of noon! The radiant ſoverign of day ſeems vertically to dart his glories into the very bowels of the earth.

Thus ſeated upon a jutting of the rock, I am more delighted than in viewing the beſt ordered ſuite of rooms in the world. Methinks I could voluntarily yield up the reſidue of life, to this moral ſolitude.

The panting animals ſeek the ſhade; the birds make to themſelves curtains and bowers of the verdent branches; They all paſs in repoſe and covert, thoſe hours when their food is robbed of its dewy freſhneſs; but the kindly drops of evening ſhall reſtore its reliſh.

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The ſun is preparing to ſet; the freſhing zephyrs of the cloſing day attend him; a light more ſoft and delicate deſcends from the tops of the trees and gilds their moſſy trunks. I breathe the charming odours, which come wafted to me by the balmy zephyrs. All is ſweetneſs and ſerenity. It ſeems as if Flora came to this very ſpot, to braid her beautiful treſſes, to bathe in the ſtream that ſurrounds me, and expand the fragrance which enriches them. Philoſophy, reaſon, and innocence, are here met together: Ah; that I could forever reſide on this charming rock, where every object endeavours to fix me.

Far from the buſy, crowded, lov'd reſort
Of wealth and pomp, and pleaſure's frolic band,
Let me retire no greater joys I court
Than ſuch as flow from Nature's bounteous hand.

CONTEMP.

CONTEMPLATIONS BY MOONLIGHT.

Retire, the world ſhut out; thy thoughts call home.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I WAS a few evenings ſince indulging in a contemplation by moonlight. The beauty of the firmament, and the balmineſs of the air, together with the many objects which were ſet off with a ſort of ſhaded ſilver, all conſpired to fill the mind with a ſeries of moral conſiderations on the immenſe wiſdom and benevolence of the Deity, who hath in his diviſion of time, ſo admirably diſpoſed the oppoſite periods of light and darkneſs; as it would be impoſſible to take that repoſe which is requiſite to the renovation of nature, while the beams of the ſun and the buſtle of the world obtruded; and not leſs inconvenient, to purſue our common buſineſs or pleaſures, under the zenith of meridian obſcurity.

No ſooner has the day ſhut in, than every thing ſeems to invite us to ſhare the univerſal pauſe of nature. Creation appears to feel the influence of ſleep, and ſurrounding ſilence ſooths the paſſions into a calm while laſſitude prepares us for ſlumber. It might convince the ſceptic, were he to reflect on the ſtupendous works of the Author of night, and of his great tenderneſs and vigilance over us and the weary world in this ſolemn ſcene. While the ſenſes of man are lapt in the ſweets of repoſe, and every head reclining on its pillow, he ſtill guides the ſpheres in their motion, and regulates the planets in their annual rotations.

His dews fall ſilent and ſalutary on the verdent earth, freſhen the herb, and ſuckle the flower, to gladden the waking morn. He extends his guardian eye over the habitable globe, and, without diſturbing his creatures, conducts the moon through her circuit; and having drawn ſhade above ſhade till all is enveloped in

a midnight gloom, he gradually withdraws the veil, and watches the progreſs of the roſy dawn. Then having unſhadowed the laſt appearance of night, he delights the world with reviſited light, and paints all his benevolence in the eye of the morning; till all his bleſſings are again preſented full and ardent by the glories of his riſen ſun.

There is not, I think, any time wherein a good man can ſo happily gratify his favourite reflections as midnight; when, conſcious, warm, and inſpired, he beholds the hemiſphere a blaze of worlds, and conſiders that his fellow-creatures are reviving their ſpirits under the influence of ſleep, and during that ſleep, under the immediate guardianſhip of God, whoſe inviſible attendance he conſiders as protecting every abſorbed ſenſe and cloſed eye. His mind enlarges and dilates as it revolves theſe mercies, till, elevating itſelf to a pitch of a more ſublime and lofty nature, he ſoars into heaven itſelf; and becomes ſo far abſtracted in the mighty idea, that, graſping all that is ſtupendous and amazing, he falls into a trance of aſtoniſhment, and loſes every faculty of ſenſe in incomprehenſion; till, recovering he finds new objects demanding his veneration, and freſh inſtances of eternal benevolence, rectitude, and divinity.

The night is alſo the hour of ſacred contemplation. The luſtre of the ſtars, the ſtillneſs of the air, the ſilence of the ſcene, and the awfulneſs of the ſeaſon, all conſpire to heighten our ideas, and overwhelm the heart in a flood of meditations, drawn from thoſe inexhauſtible ſources of praiſe and adoration.

It is in theſe ſober retirements, when we give ourſelves up to the wonders of God and nature, that we are beſt able to begin the taſk of reformation, or purſue the buſineſs of unoſtentatious prayer. Then no intemperate intruſions allure us, no inſinuating temptations entice, nor any unruly paſſions diſturb or

ruffle

ruffle the boſom, which is then moſt eaſily opened to admit ſincerity, contrition, penitence, and wiſdom.

THE SPRING OF TRUE FELICITY IN EVERY PERIOD OF LIFE.

AN INTERESTING ESSAY.

The wiſh of all, but truly known by few.

IN reſpect of happineſs and felicity, none evince a greater contrariety of ſentiment concerning them, than thoſe who are juſt entering into life, and thoſe who are about to leave it. There are, indeed, few things in which the opinions of youth and age agree; and from ſuch diſſimilarity, of courſe, ariſes the general diſſaffection between them. Each, perhaps, follows his favourite purſuit with too much eagerneſs. In age, the ultimatum is *gain*, if not avarice; in youth, it is liberality, if not *profuſion*. An old man grows tenacious of every thing; and, when the leaſt capable of enjoyment, augments his wiſhes in proportion to the decreaſe of his neceſſities.

He finds ſatisfaction in the moſt trifling poſſeſſions, not becauſe they are uſeful, but becauſe they are ſo much added to the heap. His organs are dim, his appetite fanciful. Unequal to toil, and difficult of utterance, yet he recounts with unwearied exactneſs his boyiſh frolics, and the atchievements of his manhood. Fond remembrance, proud recollection, and the tale of all he recollects and all he remembers, conſtitute his chief pleaſures; nor can we give an higher pleaſure to him whom time has made venerable,

venerable, than by directing the converſation into a channel which may afford him opportunity to relate the wonders of his youth, and liſten while he rehearſes the miracles of his life.

Youth, on the contrary, neglecting the paſt, and full of ardent ſpirit, preſſes on to the future, animated by hope, and urged forwards by curioſity. The young man derives no conſolation from what is gone before, but depends on the preſent and future. He is impatient for action. His ſoul is all vivacity, and his body all vigour. He pants with expectation, and begins his career with intrepidity and perſeverance. He is neither deterred by danger, nor depreſſed by diſappointment. Strength of conſtitution, redundancy of ſpirits, natural to that period of life, and a powerful deſire of diſtinctions, with a love of novelty, enable him to encounter difficulties, and ſpurn at hazard.

To trace this contraſt ſomewhat farther. In a ſhort time the ſtripling, in the progreſs of life ſees fit objects to engage and excite every paſſion; and every paſſion has by turns its dominion over him, its portion of pain and pleaſure, or of that mixture which tinges both. The tenderneſs of *love*, being the ſtrongeſt, is commonly the firſt impreſſion. The youthful adventurer reſigns his heart and its affections to beauty and to virtue; and now his chief aim is to evince his courage, his honour, and his talents, becauſe theſe beſt recommend him to the ſofter ſex. A pure love is the beſt encourager, and not ſeldom the beſt friend, of virtue

The thirſt of public glory and applauſe now gives way to domeſtic cares: A tender partner and a riſing offſpring inſpire the moſt ſerious care, and pleaſure is connected with ſolicitude. To the vigilance and aſſiduity of the huſband and the parent, ſucceed, gradually, the love of eaſe, and a wiſh to retire from

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the obtruſions of the world. The declining man now ſighs for ſome retreat which may repel the attacks of farther diſappointment, anxiety, and vexation. Solitude becomes in his eye as enchanting, at preſent, as ſociety was before. Security from interruption, a warm fire, and an elbow-chair, prove now more agreeable to the veteran, than all the enchantments of folly, praiſe, and frolic; and even the love of narration loſes its power.

Memory is now the only purveyor of his entertainment; and to her he refers himſelf for ſilent remembrance of the paſt. At length his views narrow to a point, and the delights of youth are totally ſubverted; and preſently, he who in the morning of exiſtence delighted chiefly in the happineſs of others, will, in the gloom of its night, find a ſtronger propenſity to afford comfort only to himſelf; and when the ſun of human life is ſet, the awful hour will approach, when the paſſing-bell ſhall feelingly declare, that the veteran has finiſhed his earthly courſe, and the places that lately knew him, know him no more.

Happineſs is a plant of celeſtial extraction, ſet by the hand of God in the centre of this world, which branches thence by millions of ramifications over every part of it. Its bloſſom and fruit may be, and are in a degree, enjoyed by every one who has either the ſkill, the diſcretion, or the induſtry, to cultivate it. In ſhort, it grows by nature in every mind, and will flouriſh long therein, if not choaked by the weeds of impiety, folly, and perverſeneſs.

Human happineſs conſiſts in the ſilent, ſacred applauſe of a good conſcience, and, however variouſly it is purſued, is attainable only by the practice of virtue, a decency of manners, and dignity of conduct.

From the moment the eye opens on the light, to that in which death draws over its viſion an eternal curtain, our main, and indeed only end, is felici-

ty.

ty. To be happy, every paſſion, ſenſe, perception, and faculty, every corporeal and moral power, is rouſed to its higheſt pitch of activity and exertion. Yet it is amazing to remark, how the ſame beings, in the ſame purſuit, ſhould vary in their chaſe.

Every man has in object of bliſs congenial to his diſpoſition; an enjoyment characteriſtic of his mind and which is ſeldom or never the favourite pleaſure of any other.

Happineſs, like wit, may be divided into two parts; that which is *real*, and that which is *fantaſtical*, : or, like gold, into the ſterling and the baſe. Much of what the world honours with the appellation of Felicity, is the chimera of an heated imagination; and ſtill more is the painting of popular folly. Under theſe heads we may arrange the pride of anceſtry, the farce of ſplendour, the bubble of applauſe, the waſte of magnificence, the apparatus of ſtation, and the inſolence of birth. Theſe proceed from a miſtake in the means, and are diſappointed of the end.

Mankind would be leſs unhappy, would they conſtantly remember, that they are only beings of a world which like themſelves, is in continual decay; and that every ſtate muſt inevitably feel more or leſs the tax levied on it by frail mortality.

EMILIUS AND CLARA;
OR,
THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each a dearer ſelf. THOMSON.

EVERY day, after work Emilius congratulated himſelf upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin Clara, in whom he felt, at every return,

turn, new attractions. Seated at her ſide over their frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmleſsly at the breaſt of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been labouring ever ſince the ſun got up, even to his going down: or, even if he did remember his wearineſs, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, ſaw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender ſmile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Tranſported by theſe moſt agreeable proſpects, nothing diſturbed their repoſe: "All was truly full." The huſband, the wife, and their children, were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing ſofter, nothing happier than themſelves.

The ſight of their children always augmented their felicity. They were not leſs touched with an embarraſsment they perceived in theſe little creatures, while they were ſtammering to expreſs their tenderneſs, and while their pains were rewarded by a thouſand cares and careſſes. What a ſource of pleaſure was it to Emilius and Clara, to interpret their wills! to ſatisfy their deſires, and to condeſcend even to join in their innocent paſtimes!

Ah! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children ſtruggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The ſon, one day, was curious to know the reaſon of this: "And why, papa (ſaid he), is not your hand as ſoft as mine? Why is it ſo hard, papa?"—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is, you ſee, almoſt worn out in the ſervice."—"Oh, oh! (cried the child,) is that the caſe? Well, then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow ſtout enough to make bread too;

too; and then we ſhall ſee, papa, whoſe will be hardeſt." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: Emilius bluſhed with joy, and Clara ſhed a tear.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND GENEROSITY CONTRASTED.

Spare to ſpend, and ſpend to ſpare.

EXTRAVAGANCE is not leſs deſtructive of a man's happineſs than avarice; and if it be leſs hateful to the world in general, it is more pernicious to private families and intimate connexions. It keeps a man always needy, always in want; it goes beyond this, and compels the naturally generous and honeſt heart to be guilty of the meaneſt peculation. Thus extravegance and flaſhes of generoſity, are not at all incompatible qualities in the ſame breaſt with the moſt rapacious avarice. Indeed I never knew a prodigal who was not in ſome inſtances guilty of meanneſs. If you would look for the *true* generoſity, you will probably find it among thoſe, who let not vanity or the love of pleaſure keep them in perpetual neceſſity.

However paradoxical it might ſeem, if we ſhould ſay that a man with forty pounds a year is rich, and at the ſame time call one with twice as many thouſands poor, yet this is certainly very often the caſe; for whatever a man's income be, if he is ſatisfied therewith, and can limit his expenſes within its bounds, he is undoubtedly in happy circumſtances. While he who avariciouſly pines for more, or whoſe extravagant expenſes ſtretch beyond what he has means to ſupply, however great his eſtate, is ever in poverty, or may juſtly fear it.

Whatever

Whatever they may poſſeſs, people, in reality, with regard to pecuniary circumſtances, may be divided into *three* claſſes; thoſe in a thriving condition, whoſe annual income yields a ſaving beyond their uſual expenſe; thoſe who, perhaps with ſome difficulty, keep upon a balance; and thoſe who run into greater expenſe than they have means to ſupport, without a decay of fortune.

REFLECTIONS
ON
AMUSEMENTS AND DIVERSIONS.

Amuſement's the word.

THE human mind naturally ſhudders at the idea of diſſolution, and would be unable to ſupport itſelf under this gloomy reflection, did not the proſpect of a future ſtate of happineſs, beget that fortitude which enables us to entertain the thought with magnanimity. The ſoul triumphs in the belief of a glorious immortality; and looks down upon this preſent tranſient life, as the veſtibule to a more permanent and durable exiſtence. If then we have a better and more ſolid foundation for our expectations than what mortality affords us, the preſent enjoyments of life will be leſs regarded, than the more ſubſtantial ones to be inherited in the world to come.

An attentive ſurvey of the nature of man will diſcover an eager propenſity in him to pleaſure, diverſion, and novelty; he is delighted with a variety of amuſements, and a diverſity of ſcenes. Hence the many different places of entertainment, devoted to the gratification of this fluctuating deſire.

The human frame is compoſed of different ingredients, intermixed with the ſolid and the gay, the ſerious and the trifling; and therefore to apply our-

ſelves too cloſely to the obſervation of ſerious objects, without relaxing our minds on neceſſary occaſions from buſineſs and ſtudy, would be attended with great prejudice. For as too much labour diſorders and enervates the whole frame, ſo too intenſe an application of the mind to ſtudious exerciſes, weakens its native energy, and creates a kind of ſtupefaction in our intellectual ſtructure.

It is reported of the great Ageſilaus, that he frequently amuſed himſelf with his children, by joining in their puerile ſports: Nor was he aſhamed, when ſurpriſed riding on a ſtick round his own hall. Very different is the man whoſe days are ſpent in continual ſolitude, who is perpetually employed in ſtudious reſearches, and in indulging the moſt gloomy and melancholy reflections; he looks down with a ſupercilious air on all preſent recreations and enjoyments, and judging of other men's actions from his own pedantic and narrow notions, condemns them as the reſult of the utmoſt folly and ſtupidity.

How miſerable is the condition of ſuch a mortal! The moſt ſuperficial examination will convince us of the anguiſh and uneaſineſs in which he is continually involved, who by his indiſcreet behaviour embitters the very ſweets of life; and renders that a curſe, which by a proper uſe and improvement might be a real bleſſing.

ON THE BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.

Exerciſe increaſeth ſtrength.

AS man is a compound of ſoul and body, he is under an obligation of a double ſcheme of duty; and as labour and exerciſe conduce to the health of the body, ſo do ſtudy and contemplation to that of the mind; for ſtudy ſtrengthens the mind, as exer-

ciſe

ciſe does the body. The labour of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one poſture. The end of diverſion is to unbend the ſoul, deceive the cares, ſweeten the toils, and ſmooth the ruggedneſs of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, ſo is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty ſtrengthens the mind, as labour does the body. Life and happineſs conſiſt in action and employment. Active and maſculine ſpirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can, or ought to be at reſt. If they debar themſelves from a nobler object, their deſires will move downwards, and they will feel themſelves actuated by ſome low and abject paſſion or purſuit. As the ſweeteſt roſe grows upon the ſharpeſt prickles, ſo the hardeſt labour brings forth the ſweeteſt profits. The end of labour is reſt; what brightneſs is to ruſt, labour is to idleneſs; idleneſs is the ruſt of the mind, and the inlet to all misfortunes. Diligence is the mother of Virtue.

When it is known, ſays Plato, how exerciſe produces digeſtion, and promotes health, comlineſs, and ſtrength, there will be no occaſion to enjoin the uſe of ſuch exerciſe by a law; or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigour and perſonal charms.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE VARIETY OF THE SEASONS.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

IN contemplating on the various ſcenes of life, the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, the perfect regularity, order, and harmony of nature, we cannot but be filled with wonder

wonder and admiration, at the conſummate wiſdom and beneficence of the all-wiſe and gracious Creator. His conſummate wiſdom and goodneſs have made the various ſeaſons of the year, perfectly conſonant to the refined feelings of man, and peculiarly adapted them to the univerſal preſervation of nature. Dreary winter is paſt; its ſevere cold is mitigated; the returning zephyrs diſſolve the fleecy ſnow, unlock the frozen ſtreams, which overflow the extenſive meadows, and enrich the teeming earth.

At length, the rapid ſtreams begin to glide gently within their banks; the ſpacious meadows ſoon receive their uſual verdure, and the whole face of nature aſſumes a cheerful aſpect. By the refreſhing ſhowers and vivifying power of the genial ſun, we behold the rapid and amazing progreſs of vegetation.

What is more pleaſing to the eye, or grateful to the imagination, than the agreeable and delightſome return of ſpring? The beauties of nature at once expel the gloomy cares of dreary winter. The benign influences of the ſun give a briſk circulation to the animal fluids, and happily tend to promote the propagation of animated nature. In the ſpring we behold the buds putting forth their bloſſoms; in ſummer we meet with the charming proſpect of enamelled fields, which promiſe a rich profuſion of autumnal fruits.

Theſe delightful ſcenes afford to man a pleaſing anticipation of enjoying the bounties of providence, cheer him in adverſity, and ſupport him under the various misfortunes incident to human life. In the ſpring, when we behold plants and flowers peeping out of the ground, reviving, and flouriſhing at the approach of the vernal ſun—when we behold the ſeed, which the laborious huſbandman caſts into the earth, ſtarting into life, and riſing into beauty, from the remainder of that which periſhed in the preceding autumn,

tumn, we are filled with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations of the univerſal reviveſcence of Nature.

The warm and invigorating ſun produces myriads of inſects, which have been lifeleſs through the hoary froſts of winter. The herds now go forth to graze on the verdant plains. The innumerable flocks quit their folds, with their young, to feed on the diſtant mountains. The matin lark, with all the charming choir, whom kind Nature wakes to cheerfulneſs and love, tune their melodious voices to hail the welcome returning ſpring. The buſy bee flies over the fields, and extracts the liquid ſweets from every flower. How pleaſing! how wonderful! are the ſcenes preſented to our view!

The ſpring of the year ſeems ſtrikingly emblematical of that grand and univerſal reſurrection, which ſhall commenſe at the final conſummation of all things; may its beauties therefore raiſe our affections to thoſe ſuperior regions of bliſs, into which the truly virtuous ſhall then enter, and for ever enjoy an unfading and eternal ſpring.

THE FOLLY OF AVARICE.

Man wants but little, nor that little long. Dr. YOUNG.

IT is generally found, that he who inherits the fortune of a miſer, has the paſſions of a prodigal; and if one man collects as a reſervoir, his ſucceſſor plays off as a fountain. By which means, what was before hoarded up carefully, now takes unto inſelf wings, and flies away; and as a ſquanderer is pretty expeditious in his expenſes, that haſte makes up for the loſt time, and brings the balance of public good once more upon the equilibrium.

Notwithſtanding theſe obſervations, we muſt allow neither to the ſpendthrift nor miſer more merit than is their due. Out of much evil we may extract ſome good; as honey may be extracted from poiſons; and this is the light in which theſe perſons muſt be viewed. Let us forbear to enroll them, on the liſt of fame, amongſt the more honourable or valuable orders of men.

The prince who ardently ſtudies the welfare, the happineſs, and felicity of his people; the father who trains his family to piety and virtue; the man of ſcience who thinks and writes for the improvement of the human heart, and embelliſhment of the human underſtanding; the merchant who increaſes our wealth, and advances our pleaſure; the artificer who preſents us with an elegant and uſeful invention; the private gentlemen who diffuſes comfort through his neighbourhood; and the woman whoſe examples extends the influence of goodneſs, whoſe integrity inſpires confidence, and whoſe beauty animates to tenderneſs, are all reſpectable characters, and deſerve univerſal regard.

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

AN ESSAY.

'Tis education forms the youthful mind,
For as the bough is bent the tree's inclin'd.

IT has been the compariſon of a celebrated author, that as marble taken out of the quarry ſhows none of its inherent beauties, till it has undergone the labour of the poliſher; ſo education, when it works upon an ingenuous mind, brings out to view every latent perfection, which without ſuch helps are never able to make

make their appearance. And let me add to this obſervation, that if we take the trouble to look around us we ſhall find very few, to whom Nature has been ſuch a niggard of her gifts, that they are not capable of ſhining in *one* ſphere of ſcience or another. Since then there is a certain bias towards knowledge, in almoſt every mind, which may be ſtrengthened and improved by proper care; I think parents ſhould conſider, in the neglect of ſo eſſential a point, they do not commit a *private* injury only, as thereby they ſtarve poſterity, and defraud our country, of thoſe perſons who, under better management, might perhaps make an eminent figure in the world.

Indeed, that the difference to be perceived in the manners and abilities of men proceeds more from education, than from any imperfections or advantages derived from their original formation, is a matter ſo long agreed on by philoſophers, that to advance any thing in favour of it in this place appears altogether unneceſſary. I cannot help recollecting a ſtory, related by Plutarch, of Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, which will ſerve to ſet the matter in a yet ſtronger light.

He took two whelps of the ſame litter, and ordered them to be bred in a quite different manner; a while after he took an occaſion, in an aſſembly of the people, to diſcourſe of what great advantage the cuſtomary practice of wholeſome inſtructions and precepts was to the attainment of virtue; in the cloſe of this harrangue, he told them, he would make an appeal to their ſenſes, and let them ſee a demonſtration of his words, by example. Upon this, the two whelps were ordered to be brought into the hall, and there was ſet down to them a diſh of fragments, and a live hare. One of the dogs (as he had been bred) flies upon the hare, and the other as greedily runs to the fragments.

While

While the people were muſing to find out the moral of this odd proceeding; "This," ſays Lycurgus, "is purſuant to what I before told you; for, ſee, theſe whelps do as they were bred, and though they were both of the ſame litter, yet the diverſity of breeding hath made the one a good hound, and the other a cur, good for nothing, but to lick pots or diſhes."

Let me add to this obſervation, and example, that *youth* is the proper and only ſeaſon for education; for if it be neglected then, it will be in vain to think of remedying the overſight in more advanced years*; it will be too late to think of ſowing it, when maturity has rendered the mind ſtubborn and inflexible; and when, inſtead of receiving the ſeeds, it ſhould be bringing forth the fruits of inſtruction.

But there is one point in the article of education, which is more eſſential than any of the reſt; I mean the great care that ought to be taken to form youth to the principles of religion. Vice, if we may believe the general complaint, grows ſo malignant now-a-days, that it is almoſt impoſſible to keep young people from the ſpreading contagion, if we venture them abroad, and truſt to chance or inclination, for the choice of their company: it is therefore the reward of virtue‡, and a perfect ſenſe of their duty to God†, which are the great and valuable things to be taught them. All other conſiderations and accompliſhments ſhould give way to theſe; theſe are the ſolid and ſubſtantial good we ſhould labour to implant and faſten in their tender minds, neither ſhould we ceaſe our endeavours

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* Youth is the time to learn from, and age to teach by, *precept* and *example*.

‡ Virtue is its own reward.

† The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wiſdom.

deavours ſo to do till they have attained a true reliſh of them, and placed their ſtrength, their glory, and their pleaſure in them.

Knowledge of the world is certainly of great importance to young people, and methods ſhould be taken to give them an inſight into the manners of mankind; leſt, when they come to play their ſeveral parts amongſt them, they ſhould be at a loſs how to act, and make a thouſand blunders, which experience alone can put a ſtop to. But here I ſhall be told, that *experience* ſhould be the grand inſtructor, it being impoſſible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the world by any other means than by a diffuſive commerce with mankind.

The obſervation is certainly juſt; however, though precept cannot in this caſe abſolutely ſupply the place of example ‡, it may be a very uſeful and requiſite preparative: as ſtudying the *map* of a country, is of great aſſiſtance to us when we come to make a journey through it.

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
VALUE OF TIME.

Time waſted is *exiſtence*, us'd is *life* DR. YOUNG.

THERE is nothing in this life which we ought to ſet a greater value upon than time, and it becomes every one ſo to uſe, as to improve it. Many are deſirous of putting off repentance to a future time, yet if they would but recollect how fleet the minutes are, they

‡ Good examples corroborate and eſtabliſh good precepts.

they never would be ſo eager to defer it even another day; for ſo uncertain is the life of man, that he, who is to-day in perfect health, may, to-morrow, be oppreſſed with ſickneſs, and in a few days, be conveyed to the ſilent grave.

Every young man ſhould appropriate a portion of the day to his ſtudies, and, at the ſame time, diveſt himſelf of every thought which is liable to diſtract his attention: for unleſs we do in our youth make a proper uſe of that time which we ought to dedicate to the improvement of our minds, we ſhall find, when we go out into the world, that we have laboured under ſad defects and diſadvantages. But if we are deſirous to imitate the excellent examples which Newton, Homer, Demoſthenes, and other great men afford us, we muſt apply ourſelves to our ſtudies with a fixt attention, ſince it is that alone which will enable us to arrive at the ſummit of knowledge.

Had either of theſe been diſtracted with trifling thoughts, the rays of genius thus diverging from their proper focus, had loſt their efficacy, and procured little or no fame to names now ſo celebrated. The ſtories of Melancthon and Titus Veſpaſian, afford ſtriking lectures on the value of time, the one of which was, that whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the *minutes* to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleneſs of ſuſpence. The other was, if at any time a day had elapſed, in which he had done no good, he would exclaim, "My friends, I have loſt a day."

As time, like money, may be loſt by unſeaſonable profuſion, it is the duty of every one to endeavour to imitate the example of theſe great men, that we all may properly eſteem its value, and lament the loſs of it, as a miſer would that of his riches. The ſtage of life might be made a perpetual fountain of agreeable and uſeful entertainments, were we to regulate

gulate it by a proper diſtribution of our time. There is nothing which unbends the mind more agreeably than the converſation of a well-choſen friend. It eaſes and unloads it, clears and improves the underſtanding, produces in us uſeful thoughts and knowledge; and, in a word, finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

A gentleman that has a taſte for *muſic*, *drawing*, or *painting*, acts wiſely if he allots a portion of his time to one of thoſe pleaſing arts. The cultivation of plants and flowers, an agreeable amuſement in a *country* life, may alſo be found uſeful, to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of *that* taſte. But of all the rational amuſements of life, there is none more proper to fill up its vacant ſpaces, than *reading* ſome uſeful and entertaining authors*. Since, then, time cannot be recalled, it becomes every one to be ſolicitous for the improvement of every part of it; and let us not hoard up a *ſhilling* with care, whilſt that which is above the price of the greateſt eſtate paſſes by unnoticed, and conſequently unimproved.

There is a remarkable inſtance of parſimony of time in one of Pliny's Letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he uſed to fill up every vacancy: after ſeveral employments which he enumerates, ſometimes, ſays he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilſt my ſervants are buſied in diſpoſing of the nets, I may be employed in ſomething that may be uſeful to me in my ſtudies; and that if I miſs of my game, I may at leaſt bring home ſome of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

* A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. THOMSON.

THE

THE LAST DYING WORDS OF AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

Courage in Death.

ALL-bountiful Heaven! to whoſe protecting arm I owe my life in the imminent dangers of battle; and to whom I am indebted for the numerous bleſſings of it, amidſt the menaces of avowed enemies, and the ſecret ſappings of perfidious friends.—Thine too are the domeſtic joys which I have participated with the beſt of wives, now, alas! no more.—Juſt Heaven, why am I now torn from the two dear pledges of our mutual loves, my beloved daughters, at the very moment too, when I ſeemed to poſſeſs the means of providing for them, in a manner adequate to a parent's fondeſt wiſhes?

The ways of Heaven are often myſterious, but are always juſt and righteous; no doubts of its goodneſs can poſſibly cloud my departing moments.—Oh, ſave my children from all the evils to which innocence, beauty, and virtue, eſpecially if they wear a *female* form, are expoſed.—To my country too I intruſt my beloved girls: for I have ſerved my country when it needed my help. But, oh! my children! had I not the firmeſt aſſurance, that Heaven, and all good men, would be your friends, I ſhould feel pangs worſe than the agonies of death which now come faſt upon me, to leave you thus unprotected and unprovided, to conflict with a wicked and ſeducing world.

But the greateſt of Beings is the beſt of beings, and however ſevere the ſufferings of the good and virtuous may be, aſſure yourſelves of this, that a ſteady adherence in the path of virtuous rectitude will meet an ample reward.—

Though I have frequently met death in the field, he is too ſtrong for me now.—Oh—oh—oh—"

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON REPENTANCE

IN THE

VIEWS OF DEATH.

Better late than never.

WHOEVER is advancing toward the end of life, and throws his thoughts back to what he has ſeen, if not *experienced*, in his progreſs through it, will be convinced he leaves more evil than good behind him; and that even the good belonging to this life is ſo mixed with evil, that however it might beguile the *firſt* choice, it will hardly raiſe a wiſh for the repetition of it. When we reflect on our helpleſs painful ſtate of infancy—the dangers and vices of our youth—the cares and anxieties of manhood—and the calamities of old age—who can, conſiſtently, lament, that he is finiſhing a courſe, which, was it in his power, he feels no inclination to repeat?

Collect and weigh the enjoyments and the ſufferings of life againſt each other, and ere the balance turns, recollect the very ſhort ſpace of time in which they are all tranſacted—how ſhort and unremembered is our infancy—how youth has ſlipped by us whilſt we were laughing—how manhood's work engages our attention, till old age ſurpriſes us unawares:—then ſhift the experiment, and weigh this ſpeck of time againſt *eternity*—an eternity which God hath promiſed, and which it is in our own power, aſſiſted by divine grace, to make an happy one.

Were there nothing beyond the grave—yet, after three or four ſcore years fatigue in life, we might be well contented to lie down and reſt; but when Chriſt has made the grave the gate of heaven, there is no part of our progreſs, in which reaſon and religion would not encourage us to exchange this life

for a better—did not earthly appetite make us reliſh this, and a ſinful conſcience make us afraid of exchanging it for a worſe.

The certainty of death is a reaſon why we ſhould prepare ourſelves to meet it.—The trueſt wiſdom conſiſts in making proviſion for futurity, and the capacity of doing this, is what principally diſtinguiſhes man from the inferior parts of the creation.

Death does not put a period to our life; but, as it ſhuts this ſtate upon us, ſo it opens another, into which we muſt make our entrance*. This heightens the leſſon of making preparation for ſuch a change. Was death to put a period to our being, intereſt might direct us to make the moſt of this life; but, as it is not merely the concluſion of this ſtate, but the beginning of another, the ſame intereſt will direct us not to confine our reflections within a limit ſo much narrower than our being, but to make proviſion for a ſtate to which we are aſſured we ſhall be called.

To be loſt in duſt, and for ever ſhut up in the chambers of the grave, had been a heavy reflection to that active principle within us, which by all its operations ſhows the divinity of its original, and that it is not ſo much a part, as a priſoner of the body. But when we conſider, that death ere long ſhall ſet it at liberty, and that as ſoon as it has broke from its priſon, it ſhall wing its way to thoſe happy regions for which it was intended—this makes us bear our preſent ſtate with patience, and expect the laſt moments of this life, as the firſt moments of our happineſs.

The conditions on which we are to recover the happineſs of the next ſtate, are ſuch as may make every

* Mors janua vitæ.

every real Chriſtian eaſy in his expectations of it. They are not conditions of an abſolute *unblemiſhed* obedience, but an obedience where true repentance has covered the ſtains which careleſs folly may have made. Let us but ſearch our hearts with impartiality—the beſt among us will find repentance neceſſary, and who can ſay the worſt will find it uſeleſs? Chriſt has declared the purpoſe of his mercy, to accept repentant ſinners; nor can we preſume to ſet bounds to that mercy, and ſay, "hitherto it ſhall go, and no farther."

That men may be hardened in ſin beyond the power of repenting, is but too true: but that there is a time, on this ſide the grave, when ſincere repentance ſhall find no mercy is more than we have a right to ſay. The repentance of any ſinner, Chriſt ſees, and Chriſt will judge; and if he ſees it attended with that ſincerity which he has required, it is allowable to hope he will accept it. There are many inſtances of repentance where God only knows whether it be *ſincere;* in ſuch inſtances, we cannot pronounce poſitively that it will take place becauſe we cannot know whether it be ſincere; but for the very ſame reaſon we ought not to pronounce that it will have no effect. Take an unhappy ſinner upon his death-bed, with all the outward expreſſions of repentance about him—what ſhall we ſay? Shall we tell him his repentance will be of no ſervice to him, and ſo add to his anguiſh, as well as diſcourage him from performing a neceſſary duty? No; leave this to God, who ſearches the heart of man, and may often ſee the ſincerity of repentance when *we* cannot; and where there is ſincerity there will be mercy.

CONTENT.

CONTENTMENT IN PROSPERITY.

AN ESSAY.

O be content where heaven can give no more.

NIGHT THOGHTS.

THERE are very few queſtions which have more puzzled philoſophers, than one in particular relating to the regimen of ourſelves in proſperity and adverſity. The conteſt was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery to moderate ourſelves in plenty, or to bear up with conſtancy under the preſſures of want. The diſpute, I think, is not very material; but the neceſſity of contentment appears manifeſtly from both ſides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of men's ſituations in life. The fordid are apprehenſive they ſhall never have enough; and the profuſe want more to animate their extravagance. They who have but ſmall fortunes cannot reliſh the ſcantineſs of moderation; grandeur and gaiety do not always ſit eaſy on the wealthy; and the neceſſitous are diſſatisfied that they are expoſed to the ſeverity of indigence.

A ſtrange variety of paſſions thus daily diſtract the human mind, and for want of knowing how to be eaſy, too many make themſelves miſerable. But all theſe repinings are in reality criminal: man is properly his own tormentor; he diſquiets himſelf in vain, and by neglecting the obſervation of one eaſy virtue, he never taſtes the fruit of genuine contentment.—To regulate our deſires, and limit our pleaſures, is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful

tiful condition—a ſtate which requires great circumſpection to keep the paſſions from running into exceſs!

Proſperity is a trying and dangerous ſtate, in which, as we exerciſe our judgment, we ſhall diſplay either the greateſt folly, or the moſt exemplary wiſdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its ſmiles, and ſtrangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and ſlackens the powers of it; and, by a fraudulent gratification of ſenſe, it inſenſibly ſteals away the uſe of our reaſon. Many have ſtood inflexible under the ſhock of poverty, who have afterwards fallen a ſacrifice to a plentiful fortune.

Temptations to a fatal ſecurity are too prevalent, when the mind is lulled into careleſsneſs and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, becauſe we feel none; and we promiſe ourſelves ſafety, becauſe a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune ſmiles, let us rouſe up our circumſpection. Our paſſions then require a tight rein, leſt our actions ſhould hurry us into inſolence and preſumption. Confidence in our poſſeſſions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty, and too great an opinion of our own merit, ſometimes creates a forgetfulneſs of our dependance on God.

The deſires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an eaſy affluence, inſtead of ſatisfying, puſhes them on to further gratifications. When the heart is thus enlarged, and the ſpirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are inſenſible of any difficulties which ſhould ſtop us in our career, and, for want of proper reſtraint, our deſires hurry us into extravagance, which ſeldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the ſummit of grandeur, we ſhall become the objects of ſcorn and contempt.

Whilſt our fields ſtood thick with corn, and our garners abounded with all manners of ſtores, the ſycophants were ready to attend our tables, din our ears with compliment, and try to perſuade us that we were more than men: but no ſooner is the ſcene changed, and a ſad alteration appears in our circumſtances, than theſe infamous animals all vaniſh, and (like vermin which fly from a tottering houſe) forſake and abandon us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment, in the midſt of proſperity, ſeems in this point very neceſſary, as it tends to preſerve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a ſhame which muſt be grating on the loſs of it. A ſtrict vigilance would keep paſſion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated ſtation might be prevented by an evenneſs of temper, and a proper circumſpection; but for want of it our misfortune will be reflected on with remorſe, and the invidious will rejoice, and perſecute us with ſeverity. In ſhort, let us embrace contentment, as a moſt amiable virtue, and reſtrain our paſſions, as moſt conducive to our temporal as well as eternal welfare. Then we ſhall reliſh our enjoyments without ſurfeiting, and have a true taſte of the delights of life, without neglecting the duties of chriſtianity.

THE REFORMED RAKE*.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

LORD AIMWELL was born with a great ſhare of good ſenſe, which he improved by an application to ſtudy; and being poſſeſſed of a very happy conſtitution

* That a reformed rake may make a good huſband, the following ſtory proves beyond denial; but ladies ſhould not eaſily be perſuaded to make trial of it, as it doubtleſs is very hazardous.

conſtitution and an agreeable perſon, he was likely to make a very capital figure in the world. After he had been ſome time at the univerſity, his father ſent him with a private tutor to make the tour of Europe, in order to enlarge his ideas, and ſurmount thoſe prejudices which we are too apt to entertain againſt foreigners. His tutor was a young clergyman of a lively imagination and ſtrong paſſions; but who had hypocriſy ſufficient to prevent his friends and relations diſcovering his foibles. But when he was no longer within the compaſs of their obſervation, he gave a looſe to all his extravagances; and finding in his pupil a diſpoſition not diſſimilar to his own, they were ſworn friends, and conſtant companions.

At Paris they made acquaintance with the moſt celebrated *filles de joye*, and opera-girls; aſſiſted at every ſpectacle where mirth and feſtivity reigned, and paſſed a winter in one conſtant courſe of libertiniſm and diſſipation. Lord Aimwell was detected with the miſtreſs of a captain of dragoons, who called him to account, when the French officer was run through the ſword arm. Upon this occaſion, his Lordſhip's tutor was his ſecond, who behaved with as much gallantry as if he had been bred to the ſword. Hence they departed for Italy, and were at Venice during the carnival.

Here they entered into all the ſpirit of Italian luxury and refinement; every attainable flower in the garden of love was culled and enjoyed, till at length a more than charming *bouquet* ingroſſed all his Lordſhip's attention. He had juſt framed a connexion with Signora Calemetti, when he received the news of the death of his father; and his affairs calling him immediately home, this lady agreed to accompany him in his journey.

Upon his Lordſhip's arrival in England, he appointed his late tutor his chaplain, regulated all other family

family buſineſs very ſpeedily, and confined all his fondeſt wiſhes to Signora Calemetti. Her reign was, however, but of a ſhort date; another miſtreſs and another ſucceeded; and finding herſelf ſlighted, ſhe quitted his houſe, and took refuge under the wing of a certain rich Welch Baronet.

His Lordſhip purſued this courſe of licentiouſneſs for upwards of two years, during which time he was hurried from reflection, and immerſed in debauchery; till at laſt he met, in a private party, the beautiful, the amiable, the accompliſhed Miſs L——s. Struck with her uncommon charms, he found the force of her perfections all at once aſſail him; deprived of the power of utterance, he could not even hint to her what he felt—he left the company, and having returned home, acquainted his Chaplain with his ſituation.

The Prieſt endeavoured at firſt to rally his paſſion; but finding it too deeply rooted to be diverted by pleaſantry, he undertook to be his Lordſhip's advocate. He accordingly found means to obtain an audience of the lady, when he intimated to her the ſtate of his Lordſhip's mind, the violence of his paſſion for her, and his ſtrong deſire of preſenting her with his hand. To this ſhe replied with great ſerenity of temper, "I am not a ſtranger to Lord Aimwell's merit, nor am I inſenſible of the honour he propoſes me; but I am too well acquainted with his Lordſhip's irregularities to promiſe myſelf the ſmalleſt ſhare of happineſs from ſuch an union." All remonſtrance was vain, ſhe ſtill perſiſted in theſe ſentiments.

When his Lordſhip was informed of her anſwer, he was almoſt diſtracted, and would probably have committed ſome violence upon his perſon, had he not been carefully watched. He now ſaw his paſt errors in their ſtrongeſt light—All his follies, all his vices,

crowded

crowded upon his remembrance, and made him almoſt diſtracted.

After recovering himſelf from the violent agitation his ſpirits had been thrown into, he reſolved never to recur to his former abandoned courſes; and if by his penitence and the ſincerity of his reformation, he could not obtain her heart, at leaſt to ſacrifice *his* entirely to her. He frequented every public and private place, where he judged there was a poſſibility of meeting with Miſs L——s; and from ſome hints ſhe accidentally dropt, he found he was not abſolutely indifferent to her.

After ſome months conſtant attendance upon her, he reſolved on a ſtratagem to extort from her the acknowledgement of a mutual paſſion. He had kept houſe for ſome days, and it was given out he was very ill. His Lordſhip's friend, who communicated this intelligence to Miſs L——s, could perceive a very viſible alteration in her countenance upon receiving the information which convinced his Lordſhip of the probability of his ſcheme. This gentleman was at a party of quadrille, where this lady aſſiſted, when news was brought that his Lordſhip was given over, and that he intreated a viſit from her in his laſt moments. At this intelligence Miſs L——s fainted. When ſhe recovered, the gentleman informed her there was but one way to ſave his Lordſhip's life, as ſhe was his diſorder, and ſhe might be his cure. She conſented to wait upon his Lordſhip with the gentleman; when her ſorrow was ſo explicit, and her paſſion ſo amply avowed, that his Lordſhip ſoon recovered, and their nuptials were celebrated in a few days.

He has ſince confeſſed the artifice he played upon her, as his diſorder was totally *imaginary*. She has forgiven him, and acknowledged ſhe even approved of his plan, as it was the only means by which ſhe could

could have been tempted to have diſcovered her regard for him; and had it not taken place, ſhe ſhould have been deprived of the beſt of huſbands, and the moſt amiable of men.

A WELL KNOWN EPITAPH

ILLUSTRATED AND IMPROVED.

Remember man, now paſſing by,
As thou art now, ſo once was I;
As I am now, ſo muſt thou be,
Prepare therefore to follow me.

WHOEVER this lover of ſimplicity and truth was, he certainly ſtole the idea from the Latin motto, *Sum, Es, Fui.*

Reſt happy ſhade, who in thy pilgrimage through this vale of ſin and ſorrow, compiled this ſhort but pithy leſſon for wandering travellers yet to come; who haſt thus kindly left a memento for future ages in words plain and ſimple, yet ſtrong and nervous; on a ſubject daily ſeen, but hourly forgot: while by thy direction every grinning ſcalp thus beſpeaks the buſy paſſenger,

"*As I am now, ſo muſt thou be.*"

Let us now proceed to conſider the above epitaph, together with the motto, in ſuch a manner, as may conduce to general profit; notwithſtanding the frailty of the human heart, or the folly of the author's head.

Sum,

Sum, Es, Fui.

Remember man, now paſſing by,
As thou art now, ſo once was I.

Here comes in the *Es*; and the motto and the epitaph both join in this important queſtion, What art thou? Art thou the child of health, a lover of mirth, and the favorite of fun? So once was I. Does the glance of love, the fluſh of fury, or the ſerene look of complaiſance, ſparkle in thine eyes? So once they did in mine.

Active appear thy limbs, ſtrong ſeems thy conſtitution; ſo once ſeemed mine. Art thou the child of calamity? Do diſappointments thwart thy beſt deſigns? does affliction mar thy comfort, or loſſes unexpected ſpoil thy hopes? Juſt ſo it was with me, till death releaſed my weary ſoul, and bowed my head in duſt. Thus ſpeaks that faithful monitor—*a dead man's ſkull.* . . . . . .

"Wait the great teacher Death." NIGHT THOUGHTS.

REFLECTIONS
ON
THE DARLING PASSIONS
OF
MANKIND IN GENERAL.

Follies, if uncontroll'd, of ev'ry kind,
Grow into paſſion, and ſubdue the mind;
With ſenſe and reaſon hold ſuperior ſtrife,
And conquer honour, nature, fame, and life. MOORE.

AS

AS every man was intended to form ſome link in the great chain of ſocial life, where order and convenience are ſupported by variety, hence are they by nature endowed not only with different tallents and capacities, but with as different tempers and inclinations. And it is as theſe are duly regulated by reaſon, prudence, juſtice, and virtue, or left to run the wild career of uncontrolled paſſion, that we behold the good man or the bad. Hence, although we ought to cultivate our particular talents and inclinations, as it is only in this our natural ſphere that we can figure with eclat, yet we ſhould be particularly careful not to ſuffer them to lead us into exceſs; for what in moderation is innocent, or even a virtue, may, in its extreme, become a vice. Thus the painful and induſtrious man of buſineſs ſhould take care he becomes not a miſer, or diſhoneſtly cunning; the lively and generous, that they become not rakes and ſpendthrifts; and the armorous, that they ſink not into lewdneſs and debauchery.

Every one is ready to condemn thoſe vices of which he thinks himſelf free, but would fain excuſe thoſe of which he knows he has his ſhare. We are all like the honeſt pariſh clerk, who gave his hearty amen to all the anathemas of the Commination, until the parſon pronounced "Curſed is he who lieth with his neighbour's wife;" to which, for certain private reaſons, being unwilling to give his aſſent, he deliberately and prudently rejoined, "Nay—a—a—then."

We are but too apt to give indulgence to thoſe paſſions which are our favourites, and think it ſome amends to keep free from thoſe vices, to which we have no inclination. We would fain believe that the gratifying one folly cannot condemn, and yet, perhaps, in this lies our whole trial. If, by the kindneſs of Heaven, I have an honeſt means of procuring the

the neceſſaries of life, and ſo much ſound common ſenſe, as to value riches only as they are really uſeful, what merit is it in me that I do not covet or ſteal? And, if my temper be not iraſcible, and no man has maliciouſly injured me, what ſhould make me hate or injure another? But if I have ſome darling appetite to gratify, and to pleaſe it ſacrifice every conſideration of prudence, juſtice, and religion, am I not (ſo far as it has pleaſed Heaven to try me) a fooliſh, immoral, and impious man?

By keeping our paſſions under due control, they become every day leſs troubleſome: but, by indulgence, they as daily gather ſtrength, and if they be allowed their full length of rein, they will ſoon lead us into ſuch exceſſes, they will ſo warp our reaſon as to make us at laſt unfeeling, and render us guilty of ſuch actions, as, in our more innocent ſtate, we would have ſhuddered at the very thoughts of. We become not only hardened in our firſt kind of ſin, but one vice is often introductory of others; and we are led, nay almoſt compelled, to commit ſuch crimes as are moſt repugnant to our natural diſpoſitions, and diſtreſſing to the feelings of our own hearts.

Thus are the generous and kind, by running into extravagances, and ſo involving themſelves in difficulties and diſtreſs, forced to become mean, fawning, deceitful, and unjuſt; and into what ſhocking ſcenes of lewdneſs or cruelty, has not drunkenneſs led the naturally virtuous and good-natured man?

Virtue is of herſelf ſo lovely, and vice ſo naturally loathſome, to the human heart, that no man methinks could endure the conſciouſneſs of wanting the one, and ſhame of being ſlave to the other, did we not deceive ourſelves by giving falſe names to things. Thus extravagance is called contempt of avarice, and avarice diſlike to luxury and waſte. Lewdneſs is called gallantry, and drunkenneſs good fellowſhip;

or elſe we draw a veil over our own deformity of manners, by making partial compariſons betwixt ourſelves and others, as thinking it a kind of negative virtue, that we are not quite ſo bad as they.

Another way people comfort themſelves under a conſciouſneſs of their preſent iniquity is, by their hopes of future amendment; but that vice which we will not or cannot conquer to-day, will be yet worſe to ſubdue to-morrow. Paſſion, by being indulged, continually gathers ſtrength, while our power of reſiſtance muſt naturally grow weaker. It is one great proof of the immortality of the human ſoul, that our paſſions and deſires decay not always with our bodily powers to gratify them. How will the ſpirits of decrepid age revive, when talking of what was the darling pride or pleaſures of youth! How will the drunkard repine for liquors, now become taſteleſs in his mouth; and the laſcivious man

"Still to his miſtreſs hie with feeble knees!"

It is this conſideration which has induced ſome, with great reaſon, to believe, that it will be in extremity of theſe never-to-be-gratified, theſe ever-longing deſires, that the future puniſhment of the wicked is to conſiſt: this, with the conſcious dread of an offended God, a mind robbed of every hope, of every virtue, and tortured with malicious envy, rage, and deſpair, will be indeed a worm which never *never* dies.

THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY

An idle man is the Devil's playfellow.

IT is the duty of every man to purſue ſome employment which may be beneficial to himſelf and his family, or to the community of which he is a member.

ber. Indeed the bulk of mankind are compelled to this from neceſſity; for there are comparatively few whoſe circumſtances are independent. But even thoſe who are in the moſt elevated ſituations, ought to employ themſelves in ſervices to their friends, their dependants, and their country. The rich cannot be ſupported without the labours of the poor, and it is unreaſonable that they ſhould derive ſuch conſiderable advantages from the induſtry of others, without ſome efforts to promote the happineſs of thoſe, by whoſe labour they are benefited.

On theſe principles, and from a conviction that idleneſs was injurious to the conſtitutions and morals of men, and very unjuſt and miſchievous to ſociety, the ancient Greeks and Romans appointed magiſtrates to ſee that no perſon ſpent their time in ſloth; and ſeverely puniſhed thoſe that thus offended. It was the general cuſtom of the Jews to bring up their children to manual labour, how plentiful ſoever their circumſtances were, or how polite ſoever their education was deſigned to be. On this account we find the Apoſtle Paul, who had a learned education, under the greateſt of their rabbies, working as a tent-maker. The ſame cuſtom is continued in other nations to this day.

A diligent application to ſome uſeful employment is a great preſervative againſt vice, and a guard againſt temptations of various kinds. It is hardly poſſible, that any man ſhould continue abſolutely unemployed for a long time; and he that is not doing what he ought, will be doing what he ought not. An honeſt diligence ſubdues thoſe ſenſual diſpoſitions which are cheriſhed by ſloth and indolence.

But diligence has not only a tendency to prevent evil, but is naturally productive of the greateſt advantages*. Many things, which at firſt ſight appear

beyond

*The hand of the diligent maketh rich. PROV. x. 4.

beyond our reach, are ſurmountable by perſevering labour and induſtry. What cannot be done by *one* ſtroke is effected by many; and application and perſeverance have often ſucceeded, even where all other means have failed; by repeated efforts we may compaſs in the end, what in the beginning we were ready to deſpair of.

ON CONJUGAL LOVE:

A FRAGMENT.

IN wedlock the looſer paſſions of youth are conſolidated into a ſettled affection; for the lawful object of love unites every care in itſelf; and makes even thoſe thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal eſteem, each alternately receives and communicates a tranſport that is inconceivable to all, but thoſe that are in this ſituation; from hence ariſes that heart-ennobling ſolicitude for one another's welfare, that tender ſympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleaſure that heightens proſperity and joy itſelf.

This is a full completion of the bleſſings of humanity; for if reaſon and ſociety are the characteriſtics which diſtinguiſh us from other animals; an excellence in theſe two great privileges of man, which centres in wedlock, muſt raiſe us in happineſs above the reſt of our ſpecies.

It is here that the nobleſt paſſions of which the human ſoul is ſuſceptible join together, virtuous love and friendſhip; the one ſupplying it with a conſtant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reaſon. . . . .

EVENING.

EVENING.

AN ELEGY.

THE parting ſun reflects its ev'ning ray,
And giant ſhadows variegate the ground;
The wanton kids forſake their harmleſs play,
And ſolemn ſilence reigns the vale around.

Now fancy leads her airy-plumed train,
Through mazy walks by gently-purling rills,
Now Philomela ſwells her mournful ſtrain,
And all the grove with ſofteſt muſic fills.

Here, moſs-grown grots and bubbling ſtreams are ſeen,
And gloomy groves in ſtately columns riſe;
Here fruitful meads enamell'd all with green,
There awful mountains ſeem to prop the ſkies.

Now Cynthia gilds the dew-beſpangled grove,
And caſts profuſely round her maiden light;
Led by the muſe, thro' ſilent paths I'll rove,
And pleaſe my fancy with the varied ſight.

Behold that rock that rears its head ſo high,
In rude magnificence o'erlooks the flood;
See on its top the mangled ruins lie,
Where once a caſtle's ſtately turrets ſtood.

The creeping ivy ſhades each tottering tower,
And claſps the ruins with a fond embrace;
The ſcreech-owls claim their melancholy bower,
And boding ravens hover round the place.

How vain the pageantry of worldly things!
And what is grandeur, but an empty name?
Short-liv'd the glory of the greateſt kings,
Though ſlaughter'd nations raiſe their ill-got fame.

Where is, alas! the pride of Perſia flown?
The pomp of Rome, with all her empire's o'er,
And e'en where Ilium ſtood, is ſcarcely known,
And haughty Carthage now exults no more!

Thus, ſince Ambition yields her certain fate,
By Reaſon prompted, ſure, unerring guide;
Let Virtue bleſs thy viſionary ſtate,
Whoſe glory Time nor Envy ne'er can hide.

ALCANDER;

OR, THE

RECLUSE.

AN ELEGY.

FOE to the world's purſuit of wealth and fame,
Alcander early from the world retir'd,
Left to the buſy throng each boaſted aim,
Nor aught, ſave peace in ſolitude, deſir'd.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He choſe an humble virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's faireſt gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal bloſſoms newly blown.

Her hand ſhe gave, and with it gave a heart,
By love engag'd, with gratitude impreſt,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accompliſh'd, and with virtue bleſt.

Swift

Swift paſs'd the hours; alas, to paſs no more!
Flown like the thin clouds of a ſummer's day;
One beauteous pledge the lov'd Eliza bore,
The fatal gift forbad the giver's ſtay.

O the dread ſcene! 'Tis agony to tell;
How o'er the couch of pain reclin'd my head;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The laſt, *laſt* parting, ere her ſpirit fled.

Reſtore her, Heav'n! for once in mercy ſpare;
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguiſh interpos'd;
And ſoon Suſpenſe gave place to dumb Deſpair,
And o'er the paſt, Death's ſable curtain clos'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime;
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O tranſient beauties, blaſted in their prime;
O tranſient glories ſunk in ſudden night!

Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd;
Where is that form, that mind, my ſoul admir'd;
That form, with every pleaſing charm adorn'd,
That mind, with every gentle thought inſpir'd?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear,
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

TRUE

TRUE PLEASURE;

AN ESSAY.

Oh! how amiable is benevolence!

THE man whoſe heart is replete with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the great Creator of the univerſe, in that juſt and amiable light which all his works reflect upon him, cannot fail of taſting the ſublimeſt pleaſure, in contemplating the ſtupendous and innumerable effects of his infinite goodneſs.

Whether he looks abroad on the natural or moral world, his reflections muſt ſtill be attended with delight; and the ſenſe of his own unworthineſs, ſo far from leſſening, will increaſe his pleaſure, while it places the forbearing kindneſs and indulgence of his Creator in a ſtill more intereſting point of view.

Here his mind may dwell upon the preſent, look back to the paſt, or ſtretch forward into futurity, with equal ſatisfaction; and, the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight ariſe. Such a diſpoſition as this, ſeems to be the moſt ſecure foundation, on which the fabric of true pleaſure can be built.

Next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human kind ſeems to be the moſt promiſing ſource of pleaſure. And it is a never-failing one to him, who, poſſeſſed of this principle, enjoys all the power of indulging his benevolence; who makes the ſuperiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power, ſubſervient to the wants of his fellow-creatures around him.

It is true, there are few whoſe power or fortune are ſo adequate to the wants of mankind, as to render them capable of performing acts of *univerſal* beneficence

cence; but a ſpirit of univerſal benevolence may be poſſeſſed by all; and the bounteous Author of Nature has not proportioned the pleaſure to the greatneſs of the effect, but to the greatneſs of the cauſe.

The contemplation of the beauties of the univerſe, the cordial enjoyments of friendſhip, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleaſures of religion, are open to all; and they each of them ſeem capable of giving real happineſs. Theſe being the only fountains, from which true pleaſure ſprings, it is no wonder that many ſhould be compelled to ſay they have not yet found it; and ſtill cry out, "*Who will ſhow us any good?*" They ſeek it in every way but the *right* way: they want a heart for *devotion*, *humanity*, *friendſhip*, and *love*, and a taſte for what is truly beautiful and admirable.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

MR. GAINSBOROUGH, THE PAINTER.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH, the landſcape-painter, was one of the greateſt geniuſes in his line that ever adorned any age or nation. His death was occaſioned by a wen in the neck, which grew internally, and ſo large as to obſtruct the paſſages. The effects of it became violent, a few months ſince, from a cold caught one morning in Weſtminſter-hall, at the trial of Mr. Haſtings.

The malady began to increaſe from this time; but its ſymptoms ſo much eluded the ſkill of Dr. Heberden and Mr. John Hunter, that they declared it was nothing more than a ſwelling in the glands, which the warm weather would diſperſe. With this proſpect

he

he went to his cottage near Richmond, where he remained for a few days; but growing worſe, he returned. A ſuppuration taking place ſoon after, Mr. John Hunter acknowledged the protuberance to be a cancer.

Mr. Pott was at this time called in with Dr. Warren; who confirmed this opinion, but found it impracticable to adminiſter aid. In a ſituation thus deſperate, the eſteemed and admired Gainſborough languiſhed and died ignorant of the malady which brought him to his end. Since his death, the part has been opened, the excreſcence examined, and replaced.

Mr. Gainſborough was juſt turned of ſixty-one years of age. He was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His father, on his outſet in life, was poſſeſſed of a decent competency; but a large family, and a liberal heart, ſoon leſſened his wealth. His ſon very early diſcovered a propenſity to painting. Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy. Here he would paſs in ſolitude his mornings, in making a ſketch of an antiquated tree, a marſhy brook, a few cattle, a ſhepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects, that were preſented to his view.

From delineation he got to colouring; and after painting ſeveral landſcapes from the age of ten to twelve he quitted Sudbury in his thirteenth year, and came to London, where he commenced portrait-painter; and from that time never put his family to the leaſt expenſe. The perſon at whoſe houſe he principally reſided was a ſilverſmith of ſome taſte; and from him he was ever ready to confeſs he derived great aſſiſtance.

Mr. Gravelot, the engraver, was alſo his patron, and got him introduced at the old Academy of the Arts, in St. Martin's-lane. He continued to exer-

ciſe

ciſe his penſil in London for ſome years; but marrying while he was only *nineteen* years of age, he ſoon after took up his reſidence at Ipſwich; and after practiſing there for a conſiderable period, went to *Bath*, where, his friends intimated, his merits would meet their proper reward.

VERSES
WRITTEN BY MR. CUNNINGHAM
TO AN
INTIMATE FRIEND,
ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

DEAR friend, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And ſee my long name at the end;
You'll cry—"And has Cunningham time
To give ſo much verſe to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' ſevere)
Is juſt from the letters I owe;
But blameleſs I ſtill may appear,
For nonſenſe is all I beſtow.

However, for better or worſe,
As Damons their Chloes receive;
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearſe,
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The Drama and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage,
Submiſſive I met her commands,
For nothing can cure me of age.

My

My ſunſhine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleaſure are fled!
With ſorrow my fate I deplore,
A penſion ſupplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whoſe fortune I ſtruggled to raiſe!
I conquer my pride as I can,
His charity merits my praiſe!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply;
His kindneſs exceeds my deſert,
And often ſuppreſſes a ſigh.

But like the old horſe in the ſong,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze;
To Fortune theſe changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend, through the day,
Her ſmiles were the ſmiles of deceit;
At noon ſhe'd her favours diſplay,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her preſence I court,
No longer I ſhrink at her frowns!
Her whimſies ſupply me with ſport,
And her ſmiles I reſign to the clowns!

Thus loſt to each worldly deſire,
And ſcorning all riches and fame,
I quietly hope to retire,
When death ſhall the ſummons proclaim.

THE LAST MOMENTS
AND
HAPPY DEATH OF ROUSSEAU.

IN the afternoon of Wedneſday, July 1, 1778, Rouſſeau took his uſual walk with his *little governor*, as he called him: the weather was very warm, and he ſeveral times ſtopped, and deſired his little companion to reſt himſelf (a circumſtance not uſual with him), and complained, as the child afterwards related, of an attack of the colic; which, however, was entirely removed when he returned to ſupper, ſo that even his wife had no ſuſpicion of his being out of order. The next day he aroſe at his uſual hour, went to contemplate the riſing ſun in his morning walk, and returned to breakfaſt with his wife.

Some time after, at the hour ſhe generally went out about her family buſineſs, he deſired her to call and pay a ſmith that had done ſome work for him; and charged her particularly to make no deduction from his bill, as he appeared to be an honeſt man; preſerving to the laſt moments of his life, thoſe ſentiments of probity and juſtice which he enforced by his example, not leſs perſuaſively than by his writings. His wife had been out but a few minutes, when returning ſhe found him ſitting in a ſtraw chair, and leaning with his elbow on a neſt of drawers.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" ſays ſhe: "do you find yourſelf ill?"

"I feel," replies he, "a ſtrange uneaſineſs and oppreſſion, beſides a ſevere attack of the colic."

Madam Rouſſeau, upon this, in order to have aſſiſtance without alarming him, begged the porter's wife to go to the chateau, and tell that her huſband was taken ill. Madame de Girardin, being the firſt

whom the news reached, hurried there inſtantly, and as that was with her a very unuſual hour of viſiting Rouſſeau, ſhe, as a pretext for her coming, aſked him and his wife, whether they had not been diſturbed in the night by the noiſe made in the village.

"Ah! madam," anſwered Rouſſeau, in a tone of voice that declared the feeling he had of her condeſcenſion, "I am perfectly ſenſible of your goodneſs, but you ſee I am in pain, and to have you a witneſs of my ſufferings, is an addition to them; and both your own delicate ſtate of health, and the natural tenderneſs of your heart, unfit you for the ſignt of other people's ſufferings. You will do me a kindneſs, and yourſelf too, Madam, by retiring, and leaving me alone with my wife for ſome time."

She returned therefore to the chateau, to leave him at liberty to receive without interruption, ſuch aſſiſtance as his colic required, the only aſſiſtance, in appearance, which he ſtood in need of.

As ſoon as he was alone with his wife, he deſired her to ſit down beſide him.

"Here I am, my dear (ſays he); how do you find yourſelf?"

"The colic tortures me ſeverely, but I entreat you to open the window; let me once more ſee the face of nature: how beautiful it is?"

"My dear huſband, what do you mean by ſaying ſo?"

"It has always been my prayer to God, (replied he with the moſt perfect tranquility,) to die without doctor or diſeaſe, and that you may cloſe my eyes: my prayers are on the point of being heard. If I have ever been the cauſe of any affliction to you; if by being united to me, you have met with any misfortune, that you would have otherwiſe avoided, I entreat your pardon for it."——

"Ah,

"Ah, it is my duty (cried ſhe all in tears), it is *my* duty, and not your's, to aſk forgiveneſs for all the trouble and uneaſineſs I have occaſioned to you! But what can you mean by talking in this manner?"

"Liſten to me, my dear wife, I feel that I am dying, but I die in perfect tranquility: I never meant ill to any one, and I firmly hope and rely on the mercy of God. My friends have promiſed me never to diſpoſe, without your conſent, of the papers I have put into their hands; the Marquis de Girardin will have the humanity to claim the performance of their promiſe. Thank the marquis and his lady on my part; I leave you in their hands, and I have a ſufficient dependance on their friendſhip, to carry along with me the ſatisfactory certainty, that they will be a father and mother to you. Tell them I requeſt their permiſſion to be buried in their garden, and that I have no choice as to the particular ſpot. Give my *ſouvenir* to my little Governor, and my Botany to Mademoiſelle Girardin. Give the poor of the village ſomething to pray for me, and let the honeſt couple whoſe marriage I had ſettled, have the preſent I intended to make them. I charge you beſides, particularly to have my body opened after my death, by proper perſons, and that an exact account of the appearances and diſſection be committed to writing."

In the mean time the pains he felt increaſed; he complained of ſhooting pains in his breaſt and head. His wife being no longer able to conceal her affliction, he forgot his own ſufferings to conſole her.

"What! (ſaid he,) have I loſt all your affection already; and do you lament my happineſs, happineſs never to have an end, and which it will not be in the power of men to alter or interrupt? See how clear the heavens look, (pointing to the ſky, in a kind of tranſport that ſeemed to collect all the energy of his ſoul;) there is not a ſingle cloud. How pure and

ſerene

ſerene is this day! O how grand is nature! See that ſun, whoſe ſmiling aſpect calls me: behold yourſelf that immenſe light. There is God; yes, God himſelf who opens for me his boſom, and invites me at laſt to taſte that eternal and unalterable peace which I had ſo eagerly deſired."

At theſe words he fell forwards, dragging his wife down along with him. Attempting to raiſe him, ſhe found him ſpeechleſs and without motion. Her cries brought all within hearing to her aſſiſtance; the body was taken up and laid on the bed. At that moment I entered, and taking his hand, I found it ſtill warm, and even imagined his pulſe beat; the ſhortneſs of the time in which the fatal event had taken place, the whole having paſſed in leſs than a quarter of an hour, left me a ray of hope. I ſent for the neighbouring ſurgeon, and diſpatched a perſon to Paris for a phyſician, a friend of Rouſſeau's, charging him to come without a moment's delay. I called for ſome *alkali volatile fluor*, and made him ſmell to, and ſwallow it repeatedly, all to no effect. The conſummation ſo delightful to him, and ſo fatal to us, was already completed; and though his example taught me how to die, it could not teach me to bear his loſs without heartfelt ſorrow and concern.

Like other tyrants, Death delights to ſmite,
What ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of power
And arbitrary nod. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

AN

INDIAN KING's ADVICE

TO HIS

S O N,

ON HIS

DYING BED.

MY ſon (ſaid the expiring monarch), the angel of death is now approaching, and in a few moments a breathleſs carcaſe will be all that remains of the once powerful Kalahad. Remember, therefore, my ſon, that thou muſt now govern this mighty empire alone. Remember, O youthful monarch of Indoſtan, that thy example will influence multitudes of people; it will conſtitute either their happineſs or miſery.

If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of reaſon, and to liſten to the dictates of conſcience; if thou art indefatigable in puniſhing oppreſſors, and thoſe who wallow in wickedneſs, and careful to encourage virtue and merit wherever they are found; then ſhall happineſs dwell in thy palaces, and plenty ſmile around thy habitations. Treachery ſhall be baniſhed from the empire of Indoſtan, and rebellion ſeek refuge in the dark caverns of the mountains. The tongue of the hoary ſage ſhall bleſs thee, and the ſhepherd, as he tends his flocks in the paſtures of the Ganges, rehearſe the glories of thy reign.

Thus ſhall thy life glide on ſerenely; and when the angel of death receives his commiſſion to put a period to thy exiſtence, thou ſhalt receive the ſummons with tranquility, and paſs without fear the gloomy valley that ſeparates time from eternity; for remember, my ſon, this life is nothing more than a

ſhort portion of duration, a prelude to another that will never have an end.

It is a ſtate of trial; a period of probation; and as we ſpend it either in the ſervice of virtue or vice, our ſtate in the regions of eternity will be happy or miſerable.

Farewel, my ſon, I am arrived at the brink of the precipice that divides the regions of ſpirits from thoſe inhabited by mortals: treaſure up the inſtructions of thy dying father in thy breaſt; practice them, and be happy.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP HAPPILY POURTRAYED.

A world in purchaſe of a friend is gain.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE beſt method to cultivate true friendſhip is by letting it, in ſome meaſure, make itſelf; a ſimilitude of minds or ſtudies, and even ſometimes a diverſity of purſuits, will produce all the pleaſures that ariſe from it. The current of tenderneſs widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts glowing with good-nature for each other, when they were at firſt perhaps only in purſuit of a little mirth or relaxation.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be purchaſed by riches; and as he was poſſeſſed of great wealth, and had a mind formed for virtue, he reſolved to gather a circle of the beſt men round

round him. Among the number of his dependants was Muſidorus, with a mind juſt as fond of virtue, yet not leſs proud than his patron.

His circumſtances, however, were ſuch as forced him to ſtoop to the good offices of his ſuperior; and he ſaw himſelf daily among a number of others, loaded with benefits and proteſtations of friendſhip. Theſe, in the uſual courſe of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his eſteem, he could not give his heart.

A want of affection often broke out in the moſt trifling inſtances, and Plautinus had ſkill enough to obſerve the minuteſt actions of the man he wiſhed to make his friend. In theſe he ever found his aim diſappointed; for Muſidorus claimed an exchange of *hearts*, which Plautinus, ſolicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of beſtowing.

It may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the reſerve of our poor proud man was ſoon conſtrued into ingratitude. Wherever Muſidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was ſaid, and ſtill had the inſolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, juſtified his conduct. Plautinus, by miſplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then Muſidorus firſt thought of making a friend of him.

He flew to the man of diſſipated fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with aſſiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that eaſy ſtate of life from which one of them had ſo unhappily fallen.

If anxious cares are ruling in the breaſt,
And oft deprive the mind of wonted reſt,
The real friend will bear a willing part,
And ſoothe the care with ſympathizing heart.

THE PLEASURES AND BENEFITS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Where heart meets heart reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

FRIENDSHIP is a union of hearts by the means of virtue and merit, and confirmed by a certain reſemblance and conformity of manners. A brilliant wit, ſolid and agreeable talents, may gain upon our eſteem, but they have no right to our friendſhip, unleſs they are accompanied with virtue. We ought to diſtinguiſh that which pleaſes now and then, from that which will pleaſe always. We muſt behave with gentleneſs and politeneſs to thoſe with whom we are to live, becauſe we cannot have too many people to wiſh us well; but we are not to take the meaſures of a laſting friendſhip with any man except with one, who has a generous noble mind, as well as a ſound judgment. Caution and management are abſolutely neceſſary in the choice of our friends; and we muſt not deliver ourſelves up, upon a *ſlight* acquaintance. Friendſhips ſuddenly formed, commonly end as ſoon as they are begun.

One of the chief benefits of friendſhip, is, to communicate ſome ſecret charm to every thing that happens in the life of a friend, whether good or bad; ſomething that may leſſen the ſenſe of the bad, and raiſe

raiſe the ſenſe of the good; ſo that no misfortune may be inſupportable, nor any pleaſure loſt to him.

It conſiſts alſo in ſetting us right in our notions, in correcting our falſe ſteps, in favouring our enterpriſes, in making us moderate in our ſucceſſes, and ſupporting us in our adverſity. We muſt excuſe the faults of our friends; for to expect that our friends ſhall have no faults, is as much as to reſolve to have friendſhip with nobody.

If the reputation of our friends is attacked in their abſence, we muſt engage in their defence; if they are preſent, we muſt ſecond them with prudence; and in private, we ought to have the courage to reprehend them for their faults.

Among true friends, there muſt be no ſuch thing as diſtruſt; there muſt be no ſecrets, except thoſe which have been confided in you by a third perſon; which is a ſacred truſt you are not to divulge upon any conſideration whatſoever. Let the ties of friendſhip be ever ſo ſtrict, yet they have their bounds, and they muſt be ſubſervient to three principal duties. We are all born ſubject to certain obligations; we owe a duty to God, to our country, and laſt of all to our family. Theſe ſeveral duties have their different degrees; thoſe of friendſhip are in the *laſt* rank. As creatures we belong to one great Creator; as ſubjects, to the ſtate; and as men, to our families. We are born creatures, ſubjects, and kinſmen, but we become friends. We come into the world charged with theſe firſt debts, which we are obliged to pay; preferably to thoſe which we contract by our own choice.

There are accidents not to be foreſeen, which often break friendſhip. In this caſe, we muſt take care of being too eaſy in liſtening to bad ſuggeſtions, too rigorous to condemn. Reaſon and juſtice forbid us to condemn any perſon without hearing; by a much ſtronger reaſon, common ſenſe and humanity exact

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it of us in the caſe of a friend. We ſhould, on the contrary, with great coolneſs, examine into the truth, and above all, avoid making uſe of any ſevere terms in coming to an eclairciſſement; there are ſome who, for want of this diſcretion alone, have given wounds to the heart of a friend, which are never to be cured. If after all, one ſhould be under an indiſpenſable neceſſity of breaking off entirely, there are meaſures to be kept even in caſe of ſuch a rupture. There is a reſpect to be paid to paſt friendſhip, at the time that it is no more. All noiſe and eclat muſt particularly be avoided, and we ought to take ſpecial care that this rupture is neither begun nor followed by paſſion. Above all, we are not to diſcover former ſecrets. The myſteries of ancient friendſhip muſt never be profaned.

To conclude:—happy is he who can find a true friend, and happy is he who poſſeſſes the true qualities neceſſary to make a friend.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

To wed or not to wed, that is the queſtion.

MARRIAGE is not only a matter of poſitive inſtitution, and of moral obligation, but even of natural inſtinct alſo. This latter article I ſhall endeavour to prove, by the means of a certain phyſical peculiarity, which ſo happily and remarkably diſtinguiſhes man from brute. Women may be wives throughout the year; other females can be miſtreſſes but for a ſeaſon. This particular, in my opinion, amounts pretty nearly to a proof, that Providence, in the great ſcheme and œconomy of the intellectual ſyſ-

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tem, deſigned men and women for *pairs* only, and not to be at liberty to range unbounded, like the beſtial herd. This may be permitted to the *bull*, the *buck*, the *ram*, &c. to anſwer the wiſe purpoſes of nature; but man is under no ſuch natural neceſſity for change.

No condition for a man ſeems more natural than that of *marriage*; it is the ſole end for which his whole frame and contexture ſeem calculated; all his ſenſes, with an imperceptible violence, draw him into this union; an union which if entered into under the auſpices of religion and reaſon, and cemented by a ſimilarity of tempers, proportion of ages, and cheriſhed by mutual complaiſance, is productive of the moſt ſolid happineſs; but where intereſt or paſſion join their hands, where jarring ſentiments and mutual neglects alienate the heart, it is, and ever will be, productive of real evils.

There is, however, no ſtate which is entitled to more eſteem and honour; yet of all, perhaps, it meets with the leaſt; this diſappointment is owing to the ſpread of debauchery which has eclipſed its dignity, and decries it as a gulf of inevitable dangers; thus being dreaded, it is deſpiſed and ſhunned. Notwithſtanding, if marriage be beneficial to mankind at large, it muſt evidently be ſo for individuals; the good of the whole being the ſame with the good of all its parts.

The inconveniences of a ſingle life are in a great meaſure neceſſary and certain; but thoſe of the conjugal ſtate are accidental and avoidable. Of all who marry, there are few who have any other view than their own perſonal gratification; intereſt promotes marriage with the old, and paſſions quickly procure matches for the young. On either ſide there is neither love nor eſteem, and from theſe alone muſt be derived true happineſs: therefore, it is from the general

eral folly of mankind, that their diſcontent in marriage ariſes; they make a raſh choice without judgment or foreſight; without inquiring into the conformity there is (or ſhould be) of opinions, the ſimilarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of ſentiments, and are, conſequently, unhappy when it is made.

A young man and woman meet by chance, or are brought together by deſign: they exchange glances and civilities: they go home and dream of one another; having little to divert attention or diverſify thought, they find themſelves uneaſy when they are apart, and therefore conclude they ſhall be happy together; they marry, and diſcover what nothing but voluntary blindneſs had before concealed; they wear out their days with altercations, & charge nature with cruelty. Surely all theſe evils might be avoided, by that deliberation and forethought which prudence preſcribes to a choice for life.

Upon the whole, a married life is always an *inſipid*, a *vexatious*, or an *happy* condition; the firſt is, when two people of no genius or taſte meet together, upon ſuch a ſettlement as has been thought reaſonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the lands and caſh of both parties; in this caſe, the young lady's perſon is no more regarded than the houſe, and the improvements, in the purchaſe of an eſtate. But ſhe goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her; theſe make up the crowd, or the vulgar of the rich, and fill up the number of the human race, without beneficence to thoſe below them, or reſpect to thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent, and uſeleſs life, without ſenſe of the laws of kindneſs, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant ſatisfactions which flow from reaſon and good ſenſe.

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The vexatious married life ariſes from a conjunction of two people of quick taſte and reſentment, put together for reaſons beſt known to their friends; in which eſpecial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) *poverty*, and enſure to them riches with every want beſides. Theſe good people live in a conſtant reſtraint before company, and too great a familiarity when alone. When they are within obſervation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they revile each other's perſon and conduct; in company they are in purgatory, when by themſelves, in hell.

The happy marriage is where two perſons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumſtances of fortune or beauty. Theſe may ſtill love, in ſpite of adverſity or ſickneſs: the former we may in ſome meaſure defend ourſelves from; the other is the common lot of humanity; when eſteem and love unite hearts, oſtentation and pomp of living will not be coveted; ſolitude and mediocrity with the perſon beloved, yield true pleaſure far beyond what can be derived from ſhow and ſplendour; mental perfections are the only ſolid foundations for conjugal happineſs; the gifts of fortune are adventitious, and may be acquired, but intrinſic worth is permanent and incommunicable.

RULES FOR CHUSING A WIFE,

AND FOR

BEHAVIOUR AFTER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN BY A BATCHELOR.

THE firſt rule I have ſet to myſelf, is this, if ever I change my preſent way of life, I will prefer neither beauty, nor fortune, to good-humour and ſenſe. Thoſe, as a poet of our own finely ſays will ever laſt, when beauty may, nay *muſt* fade; and fortune alone will have no power to make life eaſy, without the other two.—But, ſecondly, I will endeavour to chuſe one, who, if ſhe be not a beauty, is at a pretty good diſtance from deformity; for, though it is commonly enough ſaid, and in ſome meaſure it may be true, that fancy ſurpaſſes beauty; yet there is no more reaſon, that a man's fancy ſhould ſtigmatize his ſenſes, than that his patience (doubtleſs, to be tried enough without) ſhould bear the burden of perpetual ſarcaſms. The world is wide enough; and a man, who has lived to my years a batchelor, will have no need to run a double gantlet, where the wits of the age declare any one of them a ſufficient topic for ſatire.—Yet, if a homely piece of houſehold ſtuff ſhould fall to my lot, I would of all things take particular care, not to provoke the ſatire of my neighbours by any overweening reflections or compariſons.

To be ſure, under ſuch a diſaſter, I would endeavour to ſecure ſome fiddle-faddle grace or other, to commute for my liberty: good ſenſe, or good houſe-

wifery;

wifery; or good-humour, or ſome other good thing, ſhould excuſe me to *myſelf*, at leaſt; and ſo long as I find complaiſance and content at home, my neighbour muſt have very little to do, and muſt approve himſelf a man of vaſt deficiency, both of buſineſs and wiſdom, who will go about to diſturb the peace of one that never troubles his head with him, or any thing that belongs to him.

If I think my own wife handſomer, diſcreeter, or a better houſewife than his, can it be any addition to my own happineſs, to endeavour to leſſen his, by acquainting him with my ſentiments? But on the contrary, if I am conſcious to myſelf that we are barely on a level in the matter, as to outward appearance at leaſt; what a laxneſs of tongue, or what an abſence of diſcretion ſhall I demonſtrate, to triumph in advantages, of which I cannot make others ſenſible, without expoſing myſelf to the cenſures and ill-natured obſervations of thoſe who perhaps would not, without ſuch a provocation, ever have troubled their heads with me? Sure the height of every man's real enjoyment muſt be in his own domeſtic content. He that pretends to be happy without it, deludes himſelf. To enjoy our own with ſatisfaction, and to rejoice in the ſatisfaction of our neighbours, is an attainment at which very few arrive; among whom thoſe can never be reckoned, who endeavour to make others uneaſy in their enjoyments, by a ridiculous oſtentation of their own.

ON POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

TRUE politeneſs is the greateſt charm of civil ſociety; it teaches us to compaſſionate the errors and weakneſſes of ſome, to bear with patience the whims and caprices of others, to give into their notions for a while, in order to bring them back afterwards to reaſon, by gentle and inſinuating methods, accommodating ourſelves to the humours of every body, from a real deſire of pleaſing in general. With this view we aſſume every character and form that may poſſibly contribute to ſucceſs; and though a long practice of complaiſance be often a very diſagreeable taſk with reſpect to people of a certain ſtamp, we, however, conquer our repugnance, and are not diverted from our purſuit by their untoward behaviour: however capricious people may be, it is very difficult for them not to be pleaſed with ſuch perſevering condeſcenſion and aſſiduity.

Politeneſs, likewiſe, directs us to decline the praiſes people may be willing to give us, and prompts us to beſtow them liberally on others. We are ingenious in expatiating on their amiable and excellent qualities: this is what makes us feel ſuch exquiſite and delicate pleaſure in the company of polite people of ſentiment, judgment, and pliancy, who know how to accommodate themſelves to our taſte and diſpoſitions.

It is rare to find ſo many accompliſhments united; we muſt not, therefore, wonder that the number of polite perſons, is ſo comparatively ſmall; ladies, who are naturally more mild, complaiſant, and graceful than men, have likewiſe more politeneſs: and it is chiefly in an intercourſe with them, that men learn

to

to be civil and polite, by ſtudying to become agreeable to them*.

Polite manners render merit pleaſing and lovely: whatever talents we may poſſeſs, the want of politeneſs deſtroys the eſteem which excellent qualities muſt otherwiſe produce. There are ſome who have a peculiar knack of heightening the folly or abſurdity of others, as well as of exhibiting impertinent behaviour in a new light: this talent is the very reverſe of politeneſs; which is indulgent to every body, and which always finds arguments to palliate the conduct of others, or at leaſt to juſtify their intentions.

Polite perſons have likewiſe great addreſs for entering into the taſte and diſpoſition of people; for coming at the nature and extent of their capacity, and giving them opportunities of diſplaying their different abilities, they are leſs attentive to ſhine in converſation by engroſſing it entirely to themſelves, than to make the merit of others appear more conſpicuous.

ON THE PRIDE OF HIGH BIRTH.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit—in a *low* eſtate. DR. YOUNG.

OF all the abſurd circumſtances by which the mind of man becomes elated, ſurely that of being deſcended from great or titled anceſtors is the moſt ridiculous;

* Would to God this was *always* the pleaſing conſequence of intercourſe between the ſexes.

diculous; it is impoſſible to value ourſelves on any thing *leſs* meritorious, or that more diſplays the vanity of the human character; moſt other kinds of pride have ſome plea to give them countenance, but this has none. Riches ſome may pride themſelves in, becauſe they give independence; beauty and dreſs may procure admiration; and eſteem will always await on intellectual accompliſhments. But to be deſcended from even the moſt virtuous characters can never be conſidered as an advantage by the judicious part of mankind, unleſs their good qualities, as well as names, were hereditary; nay, ſo far from giving any room to boaſt, it muſt certainly be a great mortification to many, to reflect how much they fall ſhort of the amiable character which the faithful pen of the hiſtorian has tranſmitted to poſterity. They cannot but know, that, to men of ſenſe, the compariſon, or rather contraſt, muſt appear diſgraceful; and that their elevated rank, inſtead of procuring them a part of that reſpect enjoyed by their progenitors, ſerves only to render them the more contemptible.

And as high birth can have no reaſonable claim to our reverence and eſteem, when unaccompanied by thoſe qualities and diſpoſitions which make a man truly great; ſo to deſpiſe a man, merely for the meanneſs of his extraction, ſhows equally a want of ſenſe and ſound judgment, and is the peculiar characteriſtic of little minds. Yet, though the truth of theſe obſervations is ſufficiently obvious, though this ſpecies of pride is without the ſhadow of a reaſon to ſupport it, it is aſtoniſhing to think what an influence it has over the conduct of the generality of people at the preſent time.

No ſooner does a perſon, arrived at a ſtate of independence, by an exertion of his induſtry only, appear in any public ſcene of life, but the buſy tongue of a

foolish

fooliſh curioſity is employed in an inquiry into his family; and, though he may have imbibed the moſt virtuous principles, though his genius may be ſuch as would render him a valuable acquiſition to ſociety, yet, if he cannot boaſt of a long liſt of honourable names in his pedigree, he is immediately treated with a ſupercilious indifference, and deemed unworthy to aſſociate with people of quality. But ſhould he dare to carry his thoughts ſo high, as to wiſh an alliance by marriage with a family of that claſs, incited thereto by the tendereſt and moſt ſincere attachment to an object not inſenſible of his merit, and leſs influenced by that pride which cuſtom has made ſo powerful an obſtacle to their happineſs, he muſt not wonder if the indifference he before experienced is exchanged for contempt. So much for the folly of modern nobility, in valuing themſelves for their high birth, without reſpect to real merit.

None's truly great, but he who's truly good.

RATIONAL PROOFS OF THE SOUL's IMMORTALITY. AND A FUTURE STATE.

IN A LETTER TO A MODERN DEIST.

AN EXTRACT.

It muſt be ſo---Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well---
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality? . . . . .
'Tis heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. ADDISON'S CATO.

YOU acknowledge there is one ſelf-exiſtent Being, and that from Him all derive their exiſtence, whether *rational*, *animal*, *vegetable*, or *inanimate*; from what we

we ſee and know of his works, may we not reaſon with ſome degree of preciſion, by analogy, to what is leſs certainly underſtood? Amongſt all the works of creation, that come under our obſervation, is there any waſte of powers, abilities, qualities, or properties? Every plant can receive from that ſingle ſpot, to which it is confined, all that is neceſſary for its ſupport and nouriſhment; it ſickens by removal, and thrives in proportion to the cloſe adheſion of its fibrous root to its mother *earth*: the power of motion, which would have been injurious, is therefore wiſely denied.

Obſerve the various animals, ſee how their different powers, forms, qualities, and clothing are proportioned to their different natures, and the different occupations, or climates, they are deſtined to. Of what uſe to the mole would have been the eagle's eye, or to the horſe the tiger's claw, feet to the fiſh, or fins to birds? Not a ſuperfluous gift is beſtowed, but each ſpecies has exactly that form, conſtruction, and thoſe powers, which are moſt uſeful, neceſſary, and beſt ſuited to itſelf.

Let us then go on to examine *man* upon the ſame plan: Compare him with all the different kinds of animals over whom he claims, and exerts a ſovereign power. Some of theſe are made his food, others neceſſary to the comfort and convenience of his life in different capacities; neither of which could be obtained by the corporeal qualities he is endowed with, the brute creation being all, either by ſtrength, ſwiftneſs, or the region they inhabit, beyond the reach of his arm.

The ſuperior ſagacity, therefore, which has enabled him to ſupply, by various arts, this natural defect of corporeal powers, was undoubtedly neceſſary to his ſubſiſtence; becauſe without it he would have been

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the moſt defenceleſs of all animals equal to himſelf in ſize; unable to procure the ſmaller kinds for his food, and an eaſy prey to the larger. Suppoſing his whole duration to end with *this* life, or, at leaſt, that no after-conſciouſneſs remains, was not this ſort of ſagacity, by which he braves the lion's force, bends to the yoke the ſtubborn bullock's neck, breaks to the curb the foaming ſteed, overtakes with certain death the diſtant bird, or from the rapid ſtream drags to the ſhore the ſcaly fry; was not, I ſay, on ſuch a ſuppoſition, this ſort of ſagacity, by which he reigns acknowledged lord of this planet, ſufficient to anſwer all the ends of his creation? Wherefore then this waſte of *rational* powers? this capacity of diving into the philoſophical difference between matter and ſpirit? of tracing effects up to their probable cauſes, and accounting rationally for almoſt all the phenomena of nature?

To what end is he endowed with the reaſoning faculty in a degree ſo ſuperior to his fellow-mortals here, as to feel (if the expreſſion may be allowed) his derivation from ſome eternal exiſtence, and form to himſelf not only a wiſh, but even a probable proſpect of immortality? And that this is the reſult of the natural powers of his mind, excluſive of any ſuppoſed revelation, is evident from the conſtant, though doubtful, hope of philoſophers in the earlieſt ages of the world, from all the accounts that have been tranſmitted to us.

Of what uſe to him, if conſciouſneſs ends with reſpiration, is it to ſee and admire the eternal beauty of truth, the fitneſs of things, the unalterable difference between right and wrong action, or moral good and evil; the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice? And is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that in a world wherein we ſee every creature below us exactly ſuit-

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ed to the manifeſt end of its creation, poſſeſſing juſt what is neceſſary and uſeful to it, and not a ſuperfluous gift beſtowed, that the Creator ſhould have been thus wantonly laviſh in the formation of *man* alone; and ſtored his mind with uſeleſs faculties, in contradiction to the general plan of creation, which is evidently calculated for the utility, convenience, and happineſs of every other ſpecies?

Admitting this to be his whole duration, how eminently wretched is he made by the ſuperior powers he boaſts of! Every animal, in the different ſcales below himſelf, enjoys the preſent moment, unconſcious of futurity; indulges every riſing wiſh, and fearleſs revels in every joy to which his inclination leads; whilſt man, unhappy man! for no end reſtrains his every paſſion by the ſevereſt rules of rigid reaſon; and almoſt from the cradle to the grave, treads with trembling ſteps, as every moment on the verge of ruin; in the deluſive hope of bringing his mind to a ſtate of ſuch perfection, as will qualify it for immortal happineſs, in that future exiſtence he is formed to expect. Should this expectation be vain, can the Being who interwove it in his nature be juſtly deemed benevolent, kind, or good? if not, what are the attributes of the God you petend to own?

You ſay the word *immaterial* has no meaning, yet have you frequently aſſerted, that the ſoul is only a fine inviſible fluid, which being ſecreted from the brain, and diffuſed through the nerves, becomes the actuating principle; I ſhould be glad to know what is to be underſtood by this? To me it ſeems to imply a contradiction. By the word *inviſible* muſt be underſtood ſomething of a nature not to be diſcovered by our ſight: All *matter* is certainly the object of ſight. Give me leave to aſk how you came by the know-

ledge

ledge of this fine *inviſible* fluid? and by what means it acquires the power of thought, reflection, choice, and motion, properties that have never been ſuppoſed to belong to matter.

By the conſciouſneſs which the immortal mind expects to carry with it into another world, and either to *ſuffer* or *enjoy* for ever in ſome future ſtate of exiſtence, is meant an exact and indelible remembrance of all the paſſions, affections, propenſities, actions, and inclinations of the mind, during the whole period in which it was united to matter. According to the nature of this retroſpect it muſt unavoidably be productive of perfect happineſs or extreme miſery: The remembrance of having checked every propenſity, or riſing inclination, to vice*, and ſo regulated every affection, as to bring the mind into an habitual ſtate of conſcious purity, even in ſentiment, muſt afford that uninterrupted felicity, which conſcious rectitude alone is capable of enjoying.

Should the mind, thus ſupremely bleſſed, behold the object of its tendereſt love rendered irretrievably wretched by a retroſpect diametrically oppoſite to its own, the deformity of the character muſt raiſe a juſt abhorrence; while grateful pleaſure would be more ſtrongly excited at the thought of being removed to a ſtate of exiſtence, where vice no more could hide its hateful form, beneath the fair ſemblance of a virtuous garb.

Hermione was perhaps, the faireſt of her ſex; Adraſtus thought her ſoul as faultleſs as her face, in this opinion he held her neareſt to his heart, and when the

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* Happy would it be for men in general, did they endeavour daily to maintain a conſcience void of offence towards God and their fellow-creatures—but where is the man that does ſo?

the mandate for his diſſolution came, felt no reluctant thought, but that of leaving this dear partner of his joys behind—Farewel, my love, he fainting cried, I go to wait thee in ſome better ſtate: haſte to rejoin me, for till then, heaven can to me afford but an *imperfect* bliſs. Death ſnatched him from her arms. The mortal veil removed, the blaze of truth flaſhed on his enlightened mind; he ſaw her, as ſhe really was, a baſe, deſigning, artful hypocrite; fled with horror from the deteſted object, and bleſſed the moment that diſſolved their union here below.

Thus you ſee the happineſs of the good need not to be interrupted by the puniſhment of the wicked. Hermione ſinks to everlaſting ruin, beneath a load of conſcious guilt, whilſt, Adraſtus, perfected in virtue, mounts on high, and looks down with inward ſatisfaction and acquieſcence on the juſt reward of vice and diſſimulation*.

THE

HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS,

AN EASTERN TALE.

Content alone is happineſs on earth.

The ſun had long ſince ſunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the ſage Ibrahim was retiring to reſt, when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither; he opened it, and there ſtood before him

* Life and immortality, we are aſſured by God himſelf in his word, are not brought to light by man's *reaſon* but by the *Goſpel*; there alone we may look for them with certainty, and be confirmed in the belief of them beyond a doubt.

him a youth, whoſe care-marked viſage ſpoke him to be the child of grief: "Sire," ſaid the youth, "permit a ſtranger to paſs the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to purſue his way with ſafety." The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and ſpread his homely board before him. Roots ſupplied the place of coſtly viands, and water from a neighbouring ſpring, the place of blood-inflaming wine. The ſigh, the ſtarting tear, and all the behaviour of his gueſt, filled the ſage with emotions of compaſſion; and deſiring, if poſſible, to alleviate the pains of the ſtranger, he thus addreſſed him:

"In a face ſo young, in a breaſt ſo untutored in this world's cares, it ſeems to me a wonder that ſorrow is a gueſt; and might it not be thought a bold intruſion, I would aſk the ſpring of theſe your cares; perhaps you mourn the pangs of diſappointed love, the loſs of ſome dear friend or earthly joy. Say, if your grief be of the common courſe, perchance my riper years may ſpeak the wiſhed-for comfort."—"Sire," replied the youth, "your kind intentions demand at once my thanks and my compliance.

"My father was a merchant; in point of wealth, Bagdad held not his equal; early he left me to poſſeſs his fortunes; the loſs of my father was ſoon forgot amidſt the riches, flatterers, and friends, that now ſurrounded me. But when reflection took place, happineſs became my deſire, and I vainly thought to be rich was to be happy. I enlarged my merchandize, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port, but it brought an increaſe to my ſtore; but yet I was not happy, my deſires increaſed with my poſſeſſions, and I was yet miſerable. I then determined to apply to *honour*, and there ſeek the happineſs riches would not afford me. I ſold off my

wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I ſoon obtained a commiſſion, and on ſeveral occaſions gave proofs of my valour, till I was ſent by the ſovereign to oppoſe a rebellion that had broken out in a diſtant province. I went, was ſucceſsful, and returned in triumph, laden with honours; and ſo much was the ſultan poſſeſſed in my favour, that he offered me his daughter in marriage.

"Awhile I thought myſelf happy: but the envy of ſome, and the artifice of others, ſoon convinced me of my error. I now reſolved to quit public life, and to ſeek in *pleaſure* the happineſs hitherto unknown. My palace now became the ſcene of continued delights; the richeſt viands were daily on my table, the moſt coſtly liquors ſparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my ſeraglio: in ſhort my life was a continued round of pleaſure. But, alas! frequent debauchery impaired my health, and the diverſions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning.

"I now was determined to quit my home, and ſeek in ſolitude and retirement, that happineſs I had hitherto ſought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than the object of creative fancy. For this purpoſe I conſigned to the care of a friend, all my poſſeſſions, and was on the ſearch after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me and I implored the ſhelter of your hoſpitable roof." Here pauſed the youth, and thus the ſage began:

"The object of your purſuit, my ſon, indeed is good, and your not hitherto attaining it, ariſes not from its non-exiſtence, but from your errors in the purſuit of it. Happineſs, my ſon, has not its ſeat in *honour*, *pleaſure*, or *riches*: to be happy is in the power of every indvidual; to all, the great Supreme has given

given wiſely; and thoſe who receive what he gives with thankfulneſs and content, are the only happy.

"Return then, my ſon, to thy poſſeſſions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that contentment is the ſubſtance and happineſs her ſhadow; thoſe who have the one, poſſeſs the other."

The words of the ſage ſunk deep in the breaſt of the ſtranger; he retired to reſt in peace, and in the morn he returned again to his houſe, where he witneſſed the truth of Ibrahim's advice: and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquility; and experienced that to be content is truly to be happy.

USEFUL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

To maintain health, the paſſions of the mind muſt be kept under due ſubjection. Let a perſon be ever ſo temperate, and regular in his diet and exerciſe, yet if he is led away by his paſſions, all his regularity will avail but little.

Fear, *Grief*, *Envy*, *Hatred*, *Malice*, *Revenge*, and *Deſpair*, are known to weaken the nerves, retard the circulation, hinder perſpiration, impair digeſtion, and to produce ſpaſms, obſtructions, and hypochondriacal diſorders.

Valarius Maximus gives fatal inſtances of terror. Violent anger creates bilious, inflamatory, convulſive, and apoplectic diſorders, eſpecially in hot temperaments.

Pliny

Pliny and Aulus Gellies give us fatal inſtances of extreme joy.

Sylla having freed Italy from civil wars, returned to Rome. He ſaid, he could not ſleep the firſt night, his ſoul being tranſported with exceſſive joy, as with a ſtrong and mighty wind.

Thoſe who brood over cares, are the firſt attacked by putrid diſeaſes, and the hardeſt to cure.

The hopes of ending their days among their native barren rocks, make the Switzers fight under any banner.

Africans tranſported to the colonies, no ſooner caſt their eyes on the hated ſhores, than they refuſe ſuſtenance, and often plunge into the main, from a notion that their departed ſpirits regain their liberty.

Can drugs reach the ſeats of ſuch diſeaſes? What can medicines avail to love-ſick minds? Wounded ſpirits who can bear?

Moderate joy, virtue, contentment, hope, and courage, invigorate the nerves, accelerate the fluids, promote perſpiration, and aſſiſt digeſtion.

Lord Verulam obſerves, that cheerfulneſs of ſpirits is particularly uſeful when we ſit down to meals or go to reſt. "If any violent paſſions ſhould ſurpriſe us at theſe ſeaſons, it would be prudent to defer eating, or going to bed, until the mind recovers its natural tranquillity."

It is obſervable, that the perſpiration is larger from any vehement paſſion of the mind, when the body is quiet, than from the ſtrongeſt bodily exerciſe, when the mind is calm and compoſed. Hence we infer, that thoſe who are prone to anger cannot bear much exerciſe, becauſe the exuberant perſpiration of both, might waſte the ſtrength too faſt.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY WORK-HOUSE.

A FRAGMENT.

BEHOLD yon houſe that holds the pariſh poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day*,
Children are plac'd who know no parent's care:
Parents, who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed †;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happieſt they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay‡.

Here too the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought amidſt the ſcenes of woe to grieve;
Here ſorrowing, they their hours of trouble ſcan,
And the cold charities of man to man;
Whoſe pariſh laws for ruin'd age provide,
While ſtrong compulſion plucks the ſcarp from pride;

* The ſpinning-wheel.

† The ſcenes of miſery and diſtreſs generally exhibited in pariſh work-houſes both in town and country, whether occaſioned by unavoidable misfortunes, or the effects of vice, diſſipation, or extravagance, are but ſo many melancholy pictures of the vanity, folly, and uncertainty of all human expectations and purſuits.

‡ If (as it is often ſaid) there are pleaſures in madneſs which none but madmen know, I am well aſſured they are unenvied in the enjoyment of them.

But ſtill that ſcarp is bought with many a ſigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppreſt by ſome *fantaſtic* woes,
(Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe ?)
Who with ſad prayers the weary doctor teaze,
To name the nameleſs ever new diſeaſe ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which *real* pain and that alone can cure*;
How would ye bear in *real* pain to lie ;
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your lateſt breath;
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the ſloping ſides :
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are ſeen,
And lathes and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane that coarſely patch'd, gives way,
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that ſtagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with ſoft diſcourſe his pains beguile,
Nor promiſe hope till ſickneſs wears a ſmile†.
But with bare neceſſaries ſcarce ſupply'd,

And

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* How many among the noble and affluent parts of mankind are there, who having no *real* troubles to perplex them, make to themſelves *imaginary* ones, and conſequeatly become their own tormentors ? Such perſons deſerve no pity.

† However ſurrounding friends may not be able, when we are afflicted, to remove our pains ; their ſympathy and converſe may tend greatly to alleviate them ; well therefore does a late eminent writer ſay,

" Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world."

DR. YOUNG.

And rack'd with pain he turns from ſide to ſide,
At evening longing for the morning light,
And wiſhing every morning it was night,
. . . . . .
Such ſcenes of dire diſtreſs, 'tis but too true,
A pariſh workhouſe oft preſents to view †.

A REAL CHRISTIAN DELINEATED.

Chriſtian is the higheſt ſtyle of man.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

IF a man is proud and ambitious, he cannot be of the true church of Chriſt; for Chriſt was lowly, meek, and humble. If a man is cruel, he cannot be of that church; for Chriſt was tender-hearted. If a man is unforgiving and revengeful, he cannot be of that church; for Chriſt forgave his enemies, and prayed for them. If you are avaricious, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt deſpiſed riches. If you are vain-glorious, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt ſought not the praiſe of man, but the glory of God. If you know your brethren to be in diſtreſs, and aſſiſt them not (if it is in your power to do it), you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt comforted the afflicted, relieved the needy, healed the ſick, and even gave his life to ſave his enemies from deſtruction.

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† It is too true an obſervation, that there are very few if any of the excellent public charities the metropolis abounds with but what are abuſed; the farming of the poor, as it is generally ſtyled, has been the inlet to many flagrant abuſes, and therefore ſhould not be allowed.

If you are envious, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt envied no man's happineſs. If you paſs raſh or evil judgment on the actions of your neighbour, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt judged none unfavourably. If you are luſtful, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt had no unclean deſires. If you are a curſer, or ſwearer, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt took not the name of God in vain. If you are a drunkard, or a glutton, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt was moderate in all things‡.

If you are a liar, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt always ſpoke truth, though he ſuffered for it. If you are contentious, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt was a peace-maker. If you are an idler, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt employed his time well, daily going about doing good. If you are a thief, or an unjuſt dealer, you cannot be of that church; for Chriſt rendered Cæſar his due. If you are a ſelf-lover, you cannot be of that church*; for Chriſt loved others better than himſelf, or he had not died for their ſakes.

We are apt to ſet too great a value on the few good actions of our lives, and imagine one meritorious deed ſufficient to over-balance numberleſs repeated crimes: but this is a great miſtake, and the error of ſelfeſteem; for it is not enough that we obey our maſter's commands in a few immaterial points, but we muſt execute his orders ſtrictly, in every particular, ere we can prove ourſelves his faithful

‡ If we bear not the image of Chriſt in our tempers, lives, and conduct, we cannot be his diſciples; they only are his friends who do whatſoever he commandeth. John, xv. 14.

* A real Chriſtian has the ſeeds of all theſe evils in his corrupt nature; but grace enables him to ſubdue them.

ful ſervents. In ſhort, if we do not love God above all things, and our neighbours as ourſelves; we are not of Chriſt's church, nor in the leaſt entitled to the benefits and bleſſings he hath promiſed to them that love and ſerve him†! Alas! how few *real* Chriſtians there are in the world!

THE REPRIEVED MALEFACTOR;

AN AFFECTING SCENE,

LATELY EXHIBITED IN NEWGATE.

....." A dreadful din was wont
To grate the ſenſe, when enter'd here, from groans,
And howls of ſlaves condemn'd: from clink of chains,
And craſh of ruſty bars, and creeking hinges!
And ever and anon the light was daſh'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghaſtly executioners." CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, ſummoning the miſerable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the firſt ſleep he had fallen into, ſince he entered the walls of a diſmal priſon.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midſt of affluence; but the capture of our Weſt India fleet, in the late American

† It is not being of this, that, or the other ſect or denomination among the profeſſors of Chriſtianity, that will conſtitute a man a real Chriſtian in God's account; but his being poſſeſt of the love of Chriſt in his heart, and evidencing it in his life and converſation in the world.

can war, was the firſt ſtroke his houſe received. His creditors, from the nature of the loſs, were for ſome time merciful; but to ſatisfy ſome partial demands, he entered into a diſhonourable treaty, which being diſcovered, Henry was thrown into a loathſome goal. He had offended againſt the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza poſſeſſed Roman virtues. She would not quit his ſide, and with her infant ſon, ſhe preferred chaſing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's houſe, which was ſtill open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other ſenſes, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miſeries, extended her ſilken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer; and Eliza, with the infant, ſtill continued under her influence.

"Father of mercies," exclaimed Henry, "lend thine ear to a ſupplicating penitent. Give attention to my ſhort prayer. Grant me forgiveneſs, endue me with fortitude to appear before thee: and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this beſt of thy ſervants, on whom I have entailed undeſerved heart-felt woe. Chace not ſleep from her, till I am dead."——

The keeper interrupted his devotion, by warning him to his fate.—"If there be mercy in you," replied Henry, "make no noiſe, for I would not have my dear wife and child awaked till I am no more."

He wept—even he, who was inured to miſery—He, who with apathy had till now looked upon diſtreſs, ſhed tears at Henry's requeſt—Nature, for once predominated in a gaoler.

At this inſtant the child cried! "O Heavens," ſaid

ſaid Henry, "I am too guilty to have my prayer heard!" He took up his infant, and fortunately huſhed it again to reſt, while the gaoler ſtood petrified with grief and aſtoniſhment. At laſt he thus broke out—"This is *too* much, my heart bleeds for you, I would I had not ſeen this day."—"What do I hear?" replied Henry. "Is this an angel, in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate.

Theſe words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerneſs to atone for loſt time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in ſupplicating for her huſband's ſalvation.

Side by ſide the unhappy couple prayed, as the Ordinary advanced to the diſmal cell—They were too intent on their devotion to obſerve him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could adminiſter. It was a *reprieve*, but with caution he communicated the gladtiding to the loving but hapleſs pair.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expreſſed. Henry's ſenſes were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—She ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere ſhe perceived her huſband apparently lifeleſs. He ſoon inhaled life, from her tender kiſſes, while the humane gaoler gladly knocked off his fetters.——

THE

THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE

PLEASINGLY DESCRIBED.

HE who, in his YOUTH, improves his *intellectual* powers in the ſearch of truth and uſeful knowledge; and refines and ſtrengthens his *moral* and *active* powers by the love of virtue, for the ſervice of his friends, his country, and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by ſacred friendſhip for *ſocial*, and ſoftened by virtuous love for *domeſtic* life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who to all theſe adds a ſober maſculine *piety*, equally remote from *ſuperſtition* and *enthuſiaſm*; that MAN enjoys the moſt agreeable *youth*; and lays in the richeſt fund for the honourable *action*, and *happy* enjoyment of the *ſucceeding periods* of life.

HE who, in MANHOOD, keeps the *paſſions* under due reſtraint*; who forms the moſt ſelect and virtuous friendſhips; who ſeeks after *fame*, *wealth*, and *power*, in the road of *truth* and *virtue*; and, if he cannot find them in that road, generouſly deſpiſes them; who in his *private* character and connexions, gives fulleſt ſcope to the tender and manly paſſions; and in his *public* character and connexions ſerves his country and mankind, in the moſt upright and diſintereſted manner; who, in fine, enjoys the *goods* of life with the

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* The gratifications of vicious paſſions are always inflamed by enjoyment, and cloy with repetition.

the greateſt *moderation*†, bears its *ills* with Chriſtian *fortitude*; and in thoſe various circumſtances of *duty* and *trial* maintains and expreſſes an habitual *reverence* and *love of God*; THAT MAN is the *worthieſt* character in *this ſtage* of life; paſſes through it with the higheſt ſatisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the moſt eaſy and honourable *old age*.

FINALLY, HE, who, in the DECLINE OF LIFE, preſerves himſelf moſt exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cheriſhes *kind and benevolent affections*; uſes his *experience*, *wiſdom*, and *authority* in the moſt *fatherly* and *venerable* manner; doing acts under a *ſenſe* of the *inſpection*, and with a view to the *approbation* of his *Maker*; is conſtantly aſpiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; THIS is the *happieſt* OLD-MAN.

Such a truly good man may have ſome enemies, but he will have more friends; and having given many marks of private friendſhip or public virtue, he can hardly be deſtitute of a patron to protect, or a ſanctuary to entertain him, or to protect or entertain his children when he is gone. Though he ſhould have little elſe to leave them, he bequeaths them the faireſt, and generally the moſt unenvied inheritance of a *good name*; which, like good ſeed ſown in the field of futurity, will often

† The truly good man is ſatisfied from himſelf, his deſires are moderate, his wants few; he is cautious without being jealous or diſtruſtful; careful but not anxious, buſy but not diſtracted; he taſtes pleaſure without being vicious, and bears pain and affliction without dejection or diſcontent; is raiſed to power without turning giddy, and feels calamity without repining; being well aſſured that his heavenly Father will either ſuſtain him under his troubles, or direct and over-rule them for his greateſt good.

raiſe up unſolicited friends, and yield a benevolent harveſt of unexpected charities.

But ſhould the fragrance of the parent's virtue prove offenſive to a perverſe or envious age, or even draw down perſecution on the friendleſs orphans; there is *One* in heaven, who will be more than a father to them, and recompenſe their parent's virtues by ſhowering down bleſſings on them. The thoughts of leaving them in ſuch good hands, ſuſtain the honeſt parent, and make him ſmile even in the agonies of death; being ſecure, that that Almighty Friend, who has diſpenſed ſuch a profuſion of bounties to himſelf, cannot prove an unkind guardian, or an unfaithful truſtee to his fatherleſs offspring.

ON FLATTERY AND TRUTH.

Stop not to flatter, tho' thou art paid for it.

There is nothing which the majority of the world is more fond of than flattery. This adds inexpreſſible delight to weak minds, diſplays the moſt enticing objects in falſe colours, and too often gains the victory over ſincerity and truth. Where it once gains acceſs, we ſoon become enamoured with it, and fooliſhly tranſported with its deluſive and enſnaring arts. Abſurd indeed! that men ſhould be captivated with ſo vain a phantom!

Though flattery may afford us a tranſient pleaſure, yet it is as incomparable to truth as light is to darkneſs. Experience convinces us that the one cannot deceive

deceive us, whereas the other is of the moſt deceitful nature, acquires a numerous train of apparent friends, by its enticing deluſions, and would, if poſſible, gain the predominancy over every individual; it exhibits every thing delightful to our conception, and endavours to entangle us by every artifice. But how different is ſincerity or truth! This ineſtimable quality is truly beneficial to all. He who uſes this, lives free from perplexing anxiety and ſolicitude.

His mind is calm and ſerene, his heart void of any falſe imaginations, and he enjoys ſcenes of undiſturbed repoſe. Though flattery may for a time win the affections, yet it is built upon ſo ill-grounded a baſis, that it is always in danger of falling, and being expoſed to public deriſion. Whereas truth is blameleſs and well eſtabliſhed; entertains us with a proſpect of future tranquility, and makes us ever to abound in the fruits of ſolid joy and inward peace.

CHARACTER

OF A

TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A DECENT mein, and elegance of dreſs,
Words, which at eaſe each winning grace expreſs;
A life, where love with poliſh'd wiſdom ſhines,
Where wiſdom's ſelf again by love refines;
Where we to chance for friendſhip never truſt,
Nor ever dread from ſudden whim, diſguſt;
The manners gentle and the heart humane,

A

A nature truly great, but never vain.
A wit, that no licentious pertneſs knows,
The ſenſe, that unaſſuming candour ſhows;
Reaſon, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no ſect;
Knowledge of human life, of learning too,
Thence taſte, and truth, which will from taſte enſue;
A juſt diſcernment, with a judgment clear,
A ſmile indulgent, and that ſmile ſincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind,
Its greateſt pleaſure but to ſerve mankind:
Theſe will eſteem and admiration raiſe,
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praiſe.

GRANDEUR NOT NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT true felicity can greatneſs give us, that is not to be met with in a *middle* ſtation of life? Whoever knows how to limit himſelf to a *moderate* fortune is truly rich. If a man meaſures his neceſſities by nature, he will never be poor; if by opinion, he will never be rich. A man need not to be a philoſopher to contemn grandeur, and to know that riches are of little uſe to the attainment of *true* happineſs.

He need only examine what ſuch wealth and grandeur amount to in the end; for if it be evident to him that they cannot procure *real* felicity, but are often pernicious to the owners, he will then be convinced that a ſtate of life wherein a perſon has what is truly neceſſary, is far preferable to a ſtate of ſuperfluity and grandeur. . . . .

THE

THE DICTATES OF EXPERIENCE.

THE evils of life, however generally inveighed againſt, are moſtly of our *own* creating, and to be ſurmounted at pleaſure by a little reſolution; the goods of it, ſuch as really deſerve the name, are within the reach of moſt people; and for the reſt, a little Chriſtian reſignation is an ample *ſuccedaneum*. —"How many things are there in this world that I do not want!" ſaid the philoſopher. "How few things are there," replies Folly, "but what I am in abſolute need of!"—*Probatum eſt.*

ON MODESTY,

WITH ITS EFFECTS.

MODESTY may juſtly be accounted either a virtue or a vice; or rather, when it is blameable, a fooliſh baſhfulneſs; for then it betrays us into many inconveniences. How many have been undone becauſe they have not had boldneſs enough to deny the requeſt of a *profeſſed* friend! Modeſty, in real friendſhip, may be called a vice, when it lets the man we eſtem run into abſurdities, for fear of diſpleaſing him by telling him his faults.

In all accidents of life, a man may have too much or too little modeſty; but he that has too much will always ſuffer the moſt; fooliſh ſimplicity hurts itſelf, while daring impudence, in ſpite of all oppoſition, will puſh its way through the world. Even

what is called baſhfulneſs is commended by all, but boldneſs, though it may not have ſo much commendation, has more reward: yet, if modeſty is not advantageous for profit, it is for virtue; for it is a thing contradictory in itſelf to ſuppoſe, that a modeſt perſon can be a *wicked* one.

It is certain that many had been bad that are not, if they had not been bridled by a baſhful nature; for there are many that have hearts for vice who have not a face for it. Modeſty, when a virtue, reſtrains us from licentious company and bad enterpriſes; it teaches us to eſteem merit; it awes the uncivil tongue; prevents a man from vain boaſting; and makes a wiſe man not to ſcorn but to pity a fool.

THE HAPPY MAN.

IN all the different ſchemes mankind purſue,
The end's the ſame: 'tis *happineſs* in view:
For this, the mariner, while breaking waves
Threat inſtant death, the dang'rous paſſage brave;
For this th' aſtrologer, whole ſleepleſs nights
Fix'd to the tube, explores the ſtarry lights;
For this, the miſer hoards his ſhining pelf,
And to be *richly* happy ſtarves himſelf;
For this, ſome tread the ſlipp'ry paths of ſtate,
And fancy bliſs annex'd to being great;
Others to diff'rent pleaſures give the reins,
While diſappointment crowns their fruitleſs pains.
All are deceiv'd who *here* expect to find
Aught that can ſatisfy the human mind.
Search thro' the world you'll find ther's nothing can

Afford

Afford the proper happpineſs of man,
That Power alone who gave all beings birth:
Who form'd the heavens, and upholds the earth,
Whoſe word firſt made, whoſe mercy ſtill ſuſtains
Thoſe worlds unknown, o'er which his juſtice reigns,
Whoſe ſmiles create eternal joy and peace,
Is the true centre of unfading bliſs.
That man alone obtains the end deſir'd,
Whoſe boſom with immortal love is fir'd;
Who follows happineſs in virtue's road,
And ſteadily obeys the will of God;
Who will by no temptation be betray'd;
Nor can by fear of puniſhment be ſway'd;
Whoſe fixt deſign is ſtedfaſtly purſu'd,
To ſeek his Maker as his chiefeſt good:
Who by God's holy word his way directs,
Watches each word, and every thought inſpects;
Gives up his own to his Creator's mind,
To act, or ſuffer, is alike reſign'd—
This man (of Heaven's protection ever ſure)
While thouſands fall around, ſhall ſtand ſecure;
While thoſe who plac'd their happineſs below,
Shall wake from dreams of bliſs to endleſs woe.
He ſhall thro' life be happy, and when death,
In gaſtly form, demands his fleeting breath,
Th' expected ſummons he will gladly hear,
While conſcious virtue diſſipates his fear;
Safely he'll venture thro' the darkſome way,
The deſtin'd paſſage to eternal day;
And crown'd with glory which ſhall never fade,
Enjoy in heaven that God he here obey'd*.

THE

* Hence learn the real Chriſtian is the only happy man on earth.

THE RURAL VICAR:

A FRAGMENT.

BEING laſt ſummer on a tour to the North, I was one evening arreſted in my progreſs, at the entrance of a ſmall rural hamlet, by breaking the fore wheel of my phæton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now *ſixteen* miles diſtant; I directed my ſteps to a little cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbour ſat a man about *ſixty* years of age, who was ſolacing himſelf with a pipe of tobacco.

In the front of his houſe was affixed a ſmall board which I conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addreſſing myſelf, therefore, to the old man, I requeſted his aſſiſtance, which he readily granted; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his houſe all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more ſo, as there was no inn in the village. It was not till now that I diſcovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that my friend was a ſchoolmaſter, and probably ſecretary to the hamlet.

Affairs were in this ſituation, when the Vicar made his appearance. He was about *ſeventy*, and one of the moſt venerable figures I had ever ſeen; his time-ſilvered locks ſhaded his temples, whilſt the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too viſible in his countenance. Time had in ſome meaſure ſoftened, but could not efface them. On ſeeing my broken equipage, he addreſſed me; and when he began to ſpeak, his countenance was illumined by a ſmile. "I preſume, Sir," ſaid he, "that the accident you have juſt

juſt met with, will render it impoſſible for you to proceed. Should that be the caſe, you will be much diſtreſſed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodation for travellers, as my pariſhioners are neither willing nor able to ſupport an ale-houſe; and as we have but few travellers paſs this way, we have little need of one; but if you will accept the beſt accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your ſervice."

After expreſſing the grateful ſenſe I entertained of his goodneſs, I joyfully accepted ſo deſirable an offer. As we entered the hamlet, the ſun was gilding with his departing beams the village ſpire, whilſt a gentle breeze refreſhed the weary hinds, who, ſeated beneath the venerable oaks that overſhadowed their ruſtic cottages, were happily repoſing themſelves after the ſylvan labours of the day.

The Vicar's houſe was ſmall, with a thatched roof: the front was entirely covered with woodbines and honey ſuckles, which ſtrongly ſcented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks ſurrounded the houſe, and preſerved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midſt of which ran a ſmall brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the ſheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the diſtant barkings of the truſty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, all conſpired to entertain the eye, pleaſe the ear, and excite the moſt agreeable ſenſations.

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THE

THE
OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A PATHETIC NARRATIVE,
TAKEN FROM AN INCIDENT WHICH REALLY HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO.

BEING upon a viſit to a friend near York, as I was one daw walking on the bridge in company with ſome ladies, a grey-haired old man came towards us; he ſupported himſelf with a ſtick; appeared ſo lame, that he could ſcarcely walk, and was followed by a little terrier. On approaching us, he ſaid, "Good ladies, will you buy my dog?" The ladies anſwering, that they did not want a dog; he came up to me, and ſaid in a more preſſing manner, and with a more ſupplicating tone of voice: "Sir, I beſeech you buy my dog!" On my anſwering likewiſe that I did not want one, the old man remained a few minutes leaning on his ſtick; and looking at me with an air of diſappointment, ſeemed to reproach me for declining his requeſt, and then uttering a deep ſigh continued his journey.

As he walked on ſlowly, before he was out of ſight, Louiſa, one of the young ladies, whiſpered me, "Pray Sir, go after him, and buy his dog, for the poor man ſeems in diſtreſs." I accordingly called the old man back, and aſked him what was the price of the dog? "What you pleaſe," he returned. "Here is a *crown*," I replied; "if that will ſatisfy you, take it, and leave me your dog."—"The dog is yours," ſaid the old man, "and God bleſs you with it."—"But," ſaid I, "he will never follow me, how ſhall I pre-

vent

vent his escape?"—"True" replied the old man, "he must be tied, or he will follow *me*." He then untied his garter, called "*Trim*," took him up in his arms, and placed him upon the parapet of the bridge; while he was fastening the garter round his neck, I perceived the hands of the old man trembling, which I imputed to his age; for his countenance did not change. Having fastened the knot, he inclined his head towards the dog, and fixing his mouth upon his body, remained for a few minutes in that posture motionless and without uttering a single word. I approached him, and said, "Friend, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," he answered, "but what will soon be forgotten!" and I observed his cheek wet with tears. "You seem," said I, "to regret parting with your dog."—"Alas! it is truly so; he is the only friend I have in the world; we have never been separated from each other. He was my guard on the road when I was asleep; and whenever he saw me fatigued and suffering, the poor creature licked my face, and seemed to ease my pain with his caresses; he loves me so much, that it is but natural I should love him in return. But all this is nothing to you, he is now yours:" and he offered me the garter which he had just fastened round his neck.

"You must have a very bad opinion of me," said I, "if you think that I am capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and the only friend you have in the world." He seemed affected and offered to return the crown; but I told him to keep the money and the dog too. Before I could prevent him, the old man threw himself upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Good Sir, I owe you my life; hunger had reduced me to the most extreme necessity."——

These expressions urged my curiosity; and leading

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ing him from one queſtion to another, I collected the following account: "Thank heaven," he ſaid, "I have lived *fifty* years by the labour of my hands, and yeſterday, for the firſt time in my life, I aſked charity. I am by trade a carpenter, and was ſettled at Catterick, till on chopping a piece of wood, I cut my leg with an axe, and have been ſince incapable of working. I am now going to Sheffield, where I have a ſon, who is employed in the manufactures, and who will not let me want for any thing. But as the journey is long, and I can ſcarcely drag myſelf along on account of my wound, I have ſpent the little money which I had been able to ſave, and am obliged to beg for ſuſtenance: though, as I do not look poor, I got but little; and being exhauſted with hunger, I had nothing but my poor dog."

Here his voice failed him; and his ſobs prevented him from continuing. "At your age," I replied, "and in this hot weather, and with a bad leg, I cannot ſuffer you to continue ſo long a journey on foot; you will inflame your wound, and render it incurable. Follow me; Providence here offers you an aſylum, where you will find reſt, aſſiſtance, and perhaps a cure," The old man ſaid nothing, but untying his dog, followed me to the infirmary. Fortunately the ſurgeon happened to be in the houſe, and on mentioning the poor man's ſituation, he immediately looked at the wound, which was highly inflamed with the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of the journey. "It is fortunate," ſaid the ſurgeon, "that he did not continue his journey a few hours later, as he muſt have loſt his leg, but I can now cure it."—"He will then get well?" ſaid I. "Yes," replied the ſurgeon; "I will anſwer for the cure, provided he will continue perfectly quiet."

As he was going up ſtairs, followed by his faithful

ful terrier, the porter laid hold of *Trim*, and was preparing to carry him out of the houſe. "*Trim*," ſaid the old man, "may not poor *Trim* follow me?"—"It is againſt the rules of the houſe," returned the matron, "to admit any dogs into the wards."—"Alas," replied the old man, "*Trim* will not be happy if he is not with me, and I ſhall not be happy if he is unhappy."—"It is a pity to part good friends," exclaimed the ſurgeon; "I am convinced that my patient will ſoon get well, if Trim and he are not parted." Then, turning to the matron, "For once," he ſaid, "let us break through the rules of the houſe. If *Trim* behaves well, let him ſtay by his maſter's bed."—"I will anſwer," returned the old man, "for *Trim's* behaviour; he will lie by me whole hours without ſtirring from his ſituation, and if he may be ſuffered to follow me, I am ſure he will be as quiet as a mouſe."

Theſe words intereſted every one in favour of *Trim*; the porter inſtantly ſet him down, *Trim* bounded up ſtairs with great agility, and as if aware of what had paſſed, fawned upon the ſurgeon, and then quietly followed his maſter.

Having thus left the old man and his dog in ſuch good hands, I returned to the company, and related all that had paſſed: all pitied the poor man, and rejoiced at the hopes of his recovery; but Louiſa firſt put half a guinea into my hands; the remainder of the company followed her example, ſome gave more and ſome leſs; and I undertook to be the old man's treaſurer.

Meanwhile the ſtory circulated, and every one wiſhed to hear the tale of the *Old Man and his Dog Trim*. In repeating it I particularly dwelt upon the crown which I offered for the dog, and ſeveral ironically admired the exceſs of my generoſity.

Louiſa would ſay, "Only a *crown* for ſo ineſtimable a dog!" and her opinion was ſure to be adopted by the generality of the company. "And you, Sir," I would ſay, "and you, Madam, how much would you have given?" Each perſon mentioned the ſum which they would have contributed, augmenting or diminiſhing it according to the ſenſibility of their hearts; or the impreſſion which the recital had made upon them. "Well," I replied, "the old man is not far from hence, and you may now contribute what you would have given in my place."

By theſe means their charity was excited by emulation; a comfortable ſum was obtained; the old man recovered, and I conducted him to the manſion-houſe, almoſt as lively and as friſky as his dog. Both were received with general ſatisfaction, poor *Trim* was the moſt taken notice of: in his life he never received ſo many careſſes, and from none more than from the charming Louiſa. *Trim* was at firſt confounded, but he ſoon appeared as if he knew why he was ſo much careſſed. The old man dined and ſupped in the ſervants' hall, with *Trim* by his ſide.

The next morning, he came to take leave of me; I put into his hands the collection that had been made for him; and in vain I aſſured him that I had contributed nothing. "I can never forget," exclaimed he, "that I owe you every thing:" in ſaying theſe words he endeavoured to throw himſelf at my feet; in ſtruggling to prevent him, he threw himſelf into my arms, and we embraced and bid adieu to each other, as if we had been old friends. "Sir," ſaid he, "you have loaded me with favours, but I ſhall aſk of you another favour; you have embraced me, will you condeſcend to kiſs *Trim*? I ſhall be happy to acquaint my ſon that you

you have kiſſed my dog. Come, *Trim* come, the gntleman will do you the honour to careſs you." *Trim* roſe upon his hind legs, and pawed me with his fore feet as I ſtooped down to pat him; and as I inclined my head, the figure of the old man inclining his head on the dog as I was then doing, and thinking that he was embracing him for the laſt time, preſented itſelf ſo forcibly to my imagination, that the tears ſtarted from my eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "ah! you love *Trim*, I ſee; keep him; he is ſtill your's." "No, my good friend," I replied, "go, and the bleſſing of God attend you. I now feel myſelf happier than I deſerve, and be aſſured that the image of you and your dog will never be effaced from my recollection."

At this moment Louiſa entered the room with a plate of meat for the dog. She ſet it down before him, and while *Trim* was feeding, ſhe tied round his neck a roſe-coloured ribband. I ſaid to the old man, "There is the perſon to whom your thanks are due; without her I ſhould never have bought your dog; without her you would never have been cured; and without her your little favourite *Trim* would not have been decorated with this roſe-coloured collar." The old man, inſtantly taking up his dog, placed it in Louiſa's arms. "*Trim*, here is your miſtreſs: this, madam, is the only recompence in my power to make for your kind favours;" and ſeeing the dog ſtruggling to get looſe, he added, "*Trim* is not fond of ſtrangers, but ſoon becomes attached to thoſe he knows, and who are kind to him. He is not handſome, but he is a good creature. I am happy in procuring for him a kind and affectionate miſtreſs." So ſaying, he drew his hand acroſs his eyes, and quitted the door. Louiſa, holding the dog in her arms, continued ſtroking and careſſing it; but when the

creature

creature, inſtead of returning her careſſes, ſtruggled to get looſe, ſhe opened the houſe-door, and putting the dog upon the ground, *Trim* immediately ran after his maſter, and ſoon overtook him. The old man ſtoped, took him up in his arms, and preſſed him to his boſom; then taking off his hat, and waving it as a token of ſatisfaction and gratitude, haſtened his pace, and in a few minutes both he and *Trim* were out of ſight.

THE WHISTLE,

BY DOCTOR FRANKLIN:

A TRUE STORY,

WRITTEN TO HIS NEPHEW.

WHEN I was a child, about ſeven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; but being charmed with the ſound of the whiſtle, that I met with by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my whiſtle, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers and ſiſters, and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the

the reſt of the money; and they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whiſtle gave me pleaſure.

This however was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing on my mind, ſo that often, when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, "Do not give too much for the *whiſtle*;" and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who "gave too much for the whiſtle."

When I ſaw any one ambitious of court favours, ſacrificing his time in attendance on levees; his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have ſaid to myſelf, "This man gives too much for his whiſtle*."

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; "He pays, indeed," ſays I, "too much for his whiſtle."

If I knew a miſer, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſure of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip, for the ſake of accumulating wealth: "Poor man," ſays I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whiſtle."

* If you wiſh to be happy, be not fond of honours, ambitious of power, covetous of riches, or a ſlave to pleaſure.

When I meet a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations; "Miſtaken man," ſays I, "you are providing pain for yourſelf, inſtead of pleaſure: you give too much for your whiſtle."

If I ſee one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a priſon; "Alas," ſays I, "he has paid dear, *very* dear for his whiſtle."

When I ſee a beautiful, ſweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a huſband: "What a pity it is," ſays I, "that ſhe has paid ſo much for a whiſtle!"

In ſhort, I conceived that great part of the miſeries of mankind were brought upon them, by the falſe eſtimate they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whiſtles*.

THE

THE BENEFITS

OF

WISDOM AND REPUTATION,

IN THE COMMON AFFAIRS OF HUMAN LIFE.

IT is a juſt obſervation of a great man, that among all the complaints which are generally made for want of the good things of life, no man ever complains for want of *wiſdom*.—People will readily enough allow that others excel them in perſon, fortune, rank, or learning; and will even think it a hardſhip that they have not received ſo plentiful a diſtribution of thoſe things as their neighbours; but, as to *wiſdom* (or a prudent management of ourſelves in worldly affairs), every man ſits down fully contented with his own ſhare; and is ſo far from envying his neighbour's excellence, that he rather pities or deſpiſes him for want of that ample portion which he thinks has been adminiſtered to himſelf.

Our conduct may be conſidered in the general, as reſpecting ourſelves, and our fellow-creatures; by the firſt we conſult our private eaſe and convenience; by the ſecond, our public character, or reputation; which conſtitute the ſum and ſubſtance of the good things of life.

A man who takes care to preſerve a general good character, will hardly fail of compaſſing his ends ſome time or other. On the contrary, an ill name hangs over a man like the naked ſword over the head of Democles, and he can never be ſecure that it will not fall upon him. There are, indeed, inſtances of men, who by (what is generally ſtyled) a good hit

in

in buſineſs, or by the aid of a great fortune, go on and flouriſh in the world, though every one that knows them, both ſpeaks and thinks ill of them; and of others, who are univerſally eſteemed and commended for their diligence and affability, and yet unſucceſsful intheir attempts and deſigns*; but theſe perſons muſt be ſtyled exceptions to a general rule.

Sincerity and punctuality are two qualities that add a wonderful luſtre to our reputation among our neighbours and acquaintance. It will oftentimes coſt a man very great trouble, and bring him to many inconveniences, to keep up thoſe characters; but be the pains ever ſo great, the reward is anſwerable.

If a man ſhould hear himſelf blamed for any proceedings in his conduct relating to his private affairs, he may poſſibly have good reaſon to comfort himſelf with the belief, that thoſe who cenſure him, on this account, are miſtaken. But if he finds himſelf diſliked for any defect in his outward behaviour, ſuch as for being *ill-natured*, *moroſe*, *affected*, *conceited*, or any ſuch faults as may render him diſagreeable or ridiculous, he has a great deal of reaſon to attend to ſuch reflections, and carefully to examine his conduct by them, in order to reform himſelf; becauſe ſuch things come very properly under the cognizance of thoſe we have to do with: and, inſtead of being offended, as men are very apt to be upon ſuch occaſions, every one ought to treaſure up ſuch animadverſions with great care; and look upon them as choice admonitions, and uſeful rules, to direct their behaviour by for the future.

TRUE.

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*The race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong; ſucceſs is only of the Lord, who is the rewarder of all thoſe who diligently ſeek him.

TRUE HAPPINESS:

AN ESSAY.

WHOEVER neglects to reflect how happy he is, in order to conſider how much happier he might be, by comparing his own ſituation with that of others, ingeniouſly contrives to torment himſelf, and opens a perpetual ſource of miſery and diſcontent. He will never be at peace, ſince it is impoſſible for riches, beauty, ſtrength, wiſdom, power, and every other bleſſing, to centre in *one* man; and, in truth, if ſuch an union were poſſible, he would ſtill remain in the ſame unhappy ſituation; as the diſquietude of his temper would lead him to reflect, that he ſtill wanted many qualities inherent in other animals; and would perhaps point out to him a ſubject for envy, even in a *lion*, or a *butterfly*.

Man would be a much happier being if he did not ſo induſtriouſly endeavour to draw misfortunes and calamities upon himſelf.

The greateſt curſe that heaven can entail on men, is to leave them entirely to themſelves, to gratify all their idle wiſhes and deſires. They do not foreſee the conſequences of the things they aſk for. When they wiſh for pleaſure, they do not think of diſeaſe and death; and when they deſire wealth or honour, they forget the ſnares and temptations which attend the poſſeſſion of them.

The loweſt ſituation in life has its peculiar comforts and conveniences, and if it ſhares not in the ſplen-

dour

dour of proſperity, it is alſo free from its numerous ſolicitudes*.

Happineſs is perhaps more equally diſtributed than is generally imagined; and whoever is diſappointed in his views of elevation and greatneſs, is ſheltered likewiſe from the cares und anxieties, which attend the rich, and protected from the envy and malevolence that wait on the ambitious.

Every ſtation has its inconveniencies, and it is better to bear with thoſe we are accuſtomed to endure, and of which we know the utmoſt extent, than by aiming at the ſeeming advantages of another way of life, to ſubject ourſelves alſo to its miſeries, which may perhaps be greater than thoſe we groan under at preſent.

Wiſh not for wealth, nor grandeur prize;
True happineſs in *Contentment* lies.

THE BENEFITS OF CONTENTMENT.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

LET your moſt fervent and daily prayers to heaven be directed for the greateſt bleſſings of human life, the bleſſings of *virtue* and *content*. How ſoon my dear young

*Tho' hardſhips may the poor purſue,
The rich have cares and troubles too. W.

young friend, will a right ſenſe of what is really a ſufficiency teach you to ſmile at the boundleſs deſires of ambition, the idle pomp of greatneſs, and the ſuperfluous wants of an inordinate fancy! if you can but once have that command over your paſſions, either for *dreſs*, *diverſions*, or all the *et ceteras* in the catalogue of juvenile deſires, as to ſay unto them, "Thus far ſhall ye go, and no farther;" then will you acquire all that is moſt to be deſired; a ſerenity undiſturbed by imaginary wants, a peace, which paſſeth all the tumults of fortune and giddineſs of gaiety: a philoſophy built upon the ſoul's conviction, and ſtrengthened by the ennobling ſentiments of Chriſtianity.

THE

PLEASURES AND PURSUITS

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

AN ESSAY.

"O with what joy would I reſign my breath!
The Wretch exclaims, and prays for inſtant death;
The fiend approaching, he inverts his pray'r,
O grant me life, and double all my care!"

Man is continually complaining of the cares and miſeries of life, and yet dreading nothing ſo much as the approach of death to his relief. A wiſe and good man knows, that care muſt be more or leſs his portion in this life, and that it is his duty to endure it with patience and reſignation. Labour, poverty, and

and diſeaſes, with numberleſs diſappointments in our ſeveral purſuits, muſt be expected and ſuſtained; and he is the beſt and happieſt man, who neither wiſhes for the approach of death, nor is afraid to meet it*.

There is an analogy between the circumſtances of the higheſt and the loweſt among mankind, which is very much calculated to flatter that pride and vanity ſo incident to human nature. The ſame parts are acted, but in a different ſphere, by a circle of courtiers and a company of beggars.

One man is perhaps the wonder of all the known world, another is the admiration of a particular country, another is the pride of a great city, and another is the firſt character in a village. All theſe ſhine illuſtriouſly, and with proper dignity and ſplendour in their ſeveral orbs: but ſhuffle them out of their ſtations, place the villager at the head of an immenſe army, and confine the hero within the boundaries of a little town, perhaps they would both appear ridiculous.

The laugh however will always run ſtrongeſt againſt *him*, that elevates himſelf to a dignity which he cannot ſupport; and though he might be applauded within his own narrow circle, when he comes on the grand theatre of the world, he cannot fail to be univerſally derided.

The mind of man is not formed for unremitted attention, nor his body for uninterrupted labour; and we can no more go through any buſineſs requiring intenſe thought, without unbending the mind, and relaxing it from the fatigue of contemplation, than

* Nothing can accompliſh this, but the dictates of religion.

than we can perform a long journey without refreshing ourſelves by due reſt at the ſeveral ſtages of it.

The faculties, always kept on the ſtretch, loſe their tone and vigour, and become dull and languid. The mind is formed for contemplation, the body for exerciſe; but continual labour would deſtroy both. We ſhould not therefore be aſhamed to relax at proper intervals; and as the Sabbath renews the ſtrength of the peaſants, and fits them to return to their labours with freſh cheerfulneſs; ſo a little holiday in our ſtudies qualifies us to purſue them with freſh aſſiduity, and greater probability of ſucceſs.

Meditate, but ſlight not labour;
Labour, but ſlight not meditation.

CHEMES OF LIFE DEFEATED BY IRRESOLUTION.

AN EASTERN TALE.

OMAR, the ſon of Haſſan, had paſſed ſeventy-five years in honour and proſperity. The favour of three ſucceſſive Califfs had filled his houſe with riches, and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his approach.

Terreſtrial happineſs is of ſhort continuance. The brightneſs of the flame is waſting its fuel, and the fragrant flower paſſing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, ſtrength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Califf the keys of truſt and the ſeals of ſecrecy; and ſought no other pleaſure for the remainder

mainder of his days, than the converſe of the wiſe, and the gratitude of the poor whom he relieved.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by viſitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the ſon of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late: he was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," ſaid Caled, "thou to whoſe voice nations have liſtened with admiration and whoſe wiſdom is known to the extremities of Aſia, tell me how I may reſemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou haſt gained power and preſerved it, are no longer neceſſary or uſeful to thee; impart to me therefore the ſecret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan on which thy wiſdom has built thy fame.

"Young man," ſaid Omar, "it is of little uſe to form plans of life. When I took my firſt ſurvey of the world, in my *twentieth* year, having conſidered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of ſolitude I ſaid thus to myſelf, leaning againſt a cedar which ſpread its branches over my head—*Seventy* years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining: *ten* years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will paſs in foreign countries; I ſhall be learned, and conſequently ſhall be honoured; every city will ſhout at my arrival, and every ſtudent will ſolicit my acquaintance. Twenty years thus paſſed will ſtore my mind with images, which I ſhall be buſy through the reſt of my life in combining and comparing. I ſhall revel in freſh accumulations of intellectual wealth, I ſhall find new pleaſures for every moment, and ſhall never more be weary of myſelf.

"I will

"I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of common life, but will try what can be found in *female* converſation. I will marry a wife beatiful as the Houries, and wiſe as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the ſuburbs of Bagdat, in every pleaſure that wealth can purchaſe, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, paſs my laſt days in obſcurity and contemplation; and lie ſilently down on the bed of death. Through my life it ſhall be my ſettled reſolution, never to depend on the ſmiles of princes; nor ſtand expoſed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor diſturb my quiet with affairs of ſtate. Such was my ſcheme of life in my *younger* days.

"The firſt part of my enſuing time was to be ſpent in ſearch of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my deſign. I had no viſible impediments without, nor ſuffered any ungovernable paſſions within. I regarded knowledge as the higheſt honour and moſt engaging pleaſure; yet day ſtole on day, and month glided after month, till I found that *ſeven* years of the firſt ten had vaniſhed, and left nothing behind them. I now poſtponed my purpoſe of travelling; for why ſhould I go abroad while ſo much remained to be learned at home? I therefore immured myſelf at home for *four* years, and ſtudied the laws of the empire. The fame of my knowledge reached even the judges; I was found able to ſpeak upon doubtful queſtions, and was commanded to ſtand at the footſtool of the ſupreme Califf. I was heard with attention, I was conſulted with confidence, and the love of praiſe faſtened on my heart.

"I ſtill wiſhed to ſee diſtant countries, liſtened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and

reſolved

reſolved to aſk my diſmiſſion, that I might feaſt my ſoul with novelty; but my preſence was always neceſſary, and the ſtream of buſineſs hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid leſt I ſhould be charged with ingratitude; but I propoſed to travel, and therefore would not confine myſelf by marriage.

"In my *fiftieth* year I began to ſuſpect that the time of travelling was paſt, and thought it beſt to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myſelf in *domeſtic* pleaſures. But at fifty no man eaſily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wiſe as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, conſulted and deliberated; till the *ſixty-ſecond* year made me aſhamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till diſeaſe forced me from public employment.———

"Such was my ſcheme, and ſuch has been its conſequences. With an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a reſtleſs deſire of ſeeing different countries, I have always reſided in the ſame city; with the higheſt expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable reſolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."———

AN

OLD MAN'S ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

BY THE LATE JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

Let none on *future* time rely,
For none can be too young to die. W.

YOU will not be ſurpriſed that I ſhould *preach*: I am deſcending into the vale of years; *you* are going

ing up the hill, to take a view of what I have often ſeen. Many a long day have I beheld the vanities of of the world. Many of the faults of others are obvious to me; and ſo are ſome of my own. Things wear a different aſpect in your eyes: If I now officiouſly intrude on your gayer hours, I remind you that it is not always *ſpring* nor *ſummer*.

You expect in due time to reach the *winter* of your days; and what do you imagine will *then* contribute moſt to your comfort, and brighten your proſpect beyond the grave? You have my ſincereſt wiſhes that your hopes may always bloſſom in the fulleſt charms of vernal beauty, till in the great progreſs of human wiſdom, your paſſions being lulled to reſt, your enjoyments may become pure as the limpid ſtream, bright as the meridian ſun, and calm as a ſummer ſea. Some degree of ſorrow is the lot of every mortal; but I truſt that *your proſperity* will never be impaired by the want of virtue, nor your *adverſity* be devoid of ſolid conſolation.

Ere long you muſt deliver up your material part to be the ſport of elements; but as Nature in her yearly courſe, reſtores the beauty of the *faireſt flowers*, though appearing irrevocably loſt, your frame being diſſolved, will again unite with your angelic ſpirit; and both together I hope, be made perfectly happy in the realms of everlaſting bliſs and glory,

Tho' age *muſt* die, youth alſo *may*;
O then prepare without delay,
For death and for the judgment day. W.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

BEING AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

WHEREVER right conceptions of God and his providence prevail, when he is conſidered as the inexhauſted ſource of light, love, and joy; as acting in the joint characters of a *father* and *governor*, imparting an endleſs variety of capacities to his creatures, and ſupplying them with every thing neceſſary to their full completion and happineſs; what veneration and gratitude muſt ſuch conceptions, thoroughly believed, excite in the human mind? How natural and delightful muſt it be to one whoſe heart is open to the perception of truth, and of every thing *fair*, *great*, and *wonderful* in nature, to comtemplate and adore him, who is the firſt *fair*, the firſt *great*, and firſt *wonderful*: in whom *wiſdom*, *power*, and *goodneſs* dwell vitally, eſſentially, originally, and act in perfect concert? What *grandeur* is here to fill the moſt enlarged capacity! what *beauty* to engage the moſt ardent love! what a maſs of *wonders* in ſuch exuberance of perfection, to aſtoniſh and delight the ſoul of man through an eternal duration!

If the *Deity* is conſidered as our ſupreme *guardian* and *benefactor*; as the *Father of Mercies*, who loves his creatures with infinite tenderneſs, and, in a particular manner, all *good* men, nay, all who delight in goodneſs even in its moſt imperfect degrees; what reſignation, what dependance, what generous confidence, what hope in God and his all-wiſe Providence, muſt ariſe in the ſoul that is poſſeſſed of ſuch amia-

ble

ble views of him? All thoſe exerciſes of piety, and above all a ſuperlative eſteem and love, are directed to God as to their *natural*, their *ultimate*, and indeed their only *adequate* object*; and though the immenſe obligations we are under to him, for all the benefits he hath beſtowed upon us, may excite more lively feelings of divine goodneſs, than a general and abſtracted contemplation of it; yet the affections of *gratitude* and *love* are of themſelves of the generous, diſintereſted kind, not the reſult of ſelf-intereſt, or views of reward.

A perfect character, in which we always ſuppoſe infinite goodneſs, guided by unerring wiſdom, and ſupported by almighty power, is the only proper object of perfect and univerſal love. Whoever indulges ſuch noble and juſt ſentiments and affections towards the great Creator, muſt be confirmed in the love of virtue; in a deſire to imitate its all-perfect Pattern; and in a cheerful ſecurity and confidence that all his moſt important concerns, as well as thoſe of his friends and of the univerſe at large ſhall be abſolutely ſafe under the conduct of his unerring wiſdom and unbounded goodneſs. It is in his care and providence alone, that the good man, who is anxious for the happineſs of all, finds perfect ſerenity; a ſerenity neither ruffled by partial ill, not ſoured by private diſappointment. FORDYCE.

THE

*The duties we owe to God, as our Creator, Preſerver, and daily benefactor, are reverence, gratitude, love, obedience, reſignation, dependance, worſhip, and praiſe.

THE SUBLIME NATURE AND ADVANTAGES OF RELIGION.

Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

RELIGION is the daughter of Heaven, parent of our virtues, and ſource of all true felicity; ſhe alone giveth peace and contentment, diveſts the heart of anxious cares, burſts on the mind a flood of joy, and ſheds unmingled and perpetual ſunſhine in the pious breaſt. By her the ſpirits of darkneſs are baniſhed from the earth, and angelic miniſters of grace thicken unſeen the regions of mortality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded ſpirit, diſſipates the gloom of ſorrow, ſweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the ſting of death, and wherever ſeen, felt, and enjoyed, breathes around her an everlaſting ſpring. Religion raiſes men above themſelves; irreligion ſinks them beneath the brutes; the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable ſpeck of periſhable earth; *that* opens up a viſta to the ſkies, and lets looſe all the principles of an immortal mind, among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up thy head, O Chriſtian! and look foward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unſullied by vapours,

vapours, unruffled by ſtorms; where celeſtial friendſhip, the loveliest form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Ere long thou ſhalt burſt this brittle earthly priſon of the body, break through the fetters of mortality, ſpring to endleſs life, and mingle with the ſkies. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happineſs is even now in the bud: a few days, weeks, or *years* at moſt, and that bud ſhall be fully blown. Here virtue droops under a thouſand preſſures; but, like the earth with the returning ſpring, ſhall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, and riſe and reign in never-fading and undiminiſhed luſtre. It does not ſignify what thy proſpects now are; or what thy ſituation now is. In the preſent world thy heart, indeed, may ſob and bleed its laſt, before thou ſhalt meet with one, who has either the generoſity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou haſt, however, in the compaſſionate Parent of creation, a moſt certain reſource in the deepeſt extremity. Caſt thine eyes but a little beyond this ſtrange, myſterious, and perplexing ſcene, which at preſent intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow ſtamped in the darkeſt cloud that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole ſurrounding hemiſphere brightening as thou approacheſt!

Say, does not yon bleſſed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more than compenſate all the ſighs and ſufferings, which chequer the preſent, intervening ſcene? Lo! there thy long-loſt friend, who ſtill lives in thy remembrance, whoſe preſence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whoſe abſence coſt thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayeſt be alſo. "Here," he ſays, "dwell unmingled pleaſures, unpolluted joys, inextinguiſhable love, immortal,

tal, unbounded, and unmoleſted friendſhip. All the ſorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been; and nothing lives in heaven, but pure unadulterated devotion. Our hearts, ſwelled with rapture, ceaſe to murmur; our breaſts, warm with gratitude, ceaſe to ſigh; our eyes, charmed with celeſtial viſions, to ſhed tears; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. We are juſt as ſafe as infinite power, as joyful as infinite fulneſs, and as happy as infinite goodneſs, can make us. Ours is peace without moleſtation, plenty without want, health without ſickneſs, day without night, pleaſure without pain, and life without the leaſt mixture or dread of diſſolution."

Happy thou, to whom the preſent life has no charm, for which thou canſt wiſh it to be protracted! Thy troubles will ſoon vaniſh like a dream, which mocks the power of memory; and what ſignify all the ſhocks which thy delicate and feeling ſpirit can meet with in this tranſitory world? A few moments longer, and thy complaints will be for ever at an end; thy diſeaſes of body and mind ſhall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churliſh relations ſhall diſtreſs, fortune frown, and futurity intimidate, no more. Then ſhall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive ſtrains of melancholy, but happily attuned to ſongs of gladneſs, mingle with the hoſts of heaven, in the laſt and ſweeteſt anthem that ever mortals or immortal ſung, "O Death! where is thy ſting? O Grave! where is thy victory?—Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt;—Bleſſing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that ſits on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

THE

THE

ADDRESS OF A SKELETON,

TO

MANKIND IN GENERAL,

AND WELL DESERVING THE REGARD OF ALL.

WHY ſtart? the caſe is yours, or will be ſoon,
Some *years* perhaps, perhaps another moon;
Life at its utmoſt ſpan is but a breath,
And they who longeſt dream muſt wake at death*.
Like you I once thought every bliſs ſecure,
And gold, of every ill the certain cure;
Till ſteep'd in ſorrow and beſieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
Diſeaſe with ſcorn threw back the ſordid fee,
And Death too anſwer'd, "What is gold to me?"
Fame, titles, honours, theſe I vainly ſought,
And fools obſequious nurs'd the childiſh thought;
Circled with brib'd applauſe and purchas'd praiſe,
I built on endleſs raptures endleſs days;
Till death awak'd me from my dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my ſide.

Pleaſure

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* O ye ſons and daughters of mortality! ye candidates of pleaſure and votaries of diſſipation, whether young or old, rich or poor, noble or unknown! remember, in the midſt of life ye are in death; ere another morning ye may be ſummoned to appear before God in judgment---and what think ye will be your final and everlaſting doom!

Pleaſure I courted, and obey'd my taſte,
While every day did yield ſome new repaſt;
A loathſome carcaſe was my conſtant care,
And worlds were ranſack'd but for me to ſhare.
Go on, vain man? to luxury be firm,
But know thou feaſteſt but to feaſt a *worm**.
Farewell; remember, nor my words deſpiſe,
The only happy are the early wiſe.

THE

CHOICE AND CRITERION

OF

TRUE PIETY.

Search the Scriptures.

WOULD you wiſh, amidſt the great variety of religious ſyſtems in vogue, to make a right diſtinction, and prefer the *beſt?* Recollect the character of Chriſt; keep a ſteady eye on that univerſal and permanent good-will to men, in which he lived, by which he ſuffered, and for which he died. What now would you expect from a mind ſo purely and habitually benign? Is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that a heart thus warm and wide could harbour a narrow wiſh, or utter a partial ſentiment? Moſt luckily, in this point the fulleſt

* Job, xxv. 6. Pſalm, xxii. 6.

ſatisfaction is in every man's power. Go, ſearch the religion he has left, to the bottom, not in thoſe artificial theories, which have done it the moſt eſſential injury; nor in their manner who aſſume his name, but overlook his example, and who are talking for ever about the merits of his death, at the expence of thoſe virtues which adorned his life; not in thoſe wild and romantic opinions, which, to make us Chriſtians, would make us fools: but in thoſe inſpired writings, and in thoſe alone, which contain his genuine hiſtory and his bleſſed goſpel; and which, in the moſt peculiar and excluſive ſenſe, are the words of eternal life.

Read the Scriptures then as you would the LAST WILL of ſome deceaſed friend, in which you expected a large bequeſt; and tell me, in the ſincerity of your ſoul, what you ſee there to circumſcribe the ſocial affections, to quaſh the riſings of benevolence, or to check the generous effuſions of humanity. Littleneſs of mind and narrowneſs of temper were certainly no parts of our Saviour's character; and he enjoins nothing which he did not himſelf uniformly and minutely exemplify. Strange! that an inſtitution, which begins and ends in benignity, ſhould be proſtituted to countenance the workings of malevolent paſſions, ſhould produce animoſities among thoſe whom it was intended to unite! But there is not a corruption in the humane heart which has not ſometimes borrowed the garb of religion. Chriſtianity, however is not the leſs precious to the honeſt, becauſe knaves and hypocrites have ſo long abuſed her; and, let bigots and ſceptics ſay what they pleaſe, ſhe ſoftens and enlarges the heart, warms and impregnates the mind of man, as certainly, and as ſenſibly, as the ſun does the earth.

This CRITERION is as obvious as it is deciſive. True humility and benevolence are always acceptable, and always known. Whoever would be thought pious, without theſe genuine ſignatures of piety; be his behaviour as ſtarch, and his face as ſad and ſanctimonious as he will, mark him down for nothing but a *hypocrite*. He alone whoſe boſom ſwells with the milk of human kindneſs, who would not ſay or do any thing to hurt another for a world; whoſe daily aim and diſpoſition is to live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly, whatever ſyſtem he may adopt, lives under the viſible influence of true goodneſs. Eſteem him as a brother and a kinſman: the ſame ſpirit which lives in you, lives in him: the divine image is ſtamped on him, as well as upon you; and he copies that amiable pattern and example, which leads all its followers to immortality and everlaſting bliſs.

AN

INTERESTING EPISTLE

FROM

A MARRIED GENTLEMAN

TO

HIS WIFE.

MORE than *twenty* years have elapſed, my deareſt Edwina, ſince I had the favour of your hand at the altar; yet I feel my affection as ſtrong as ever, and my eſteem ſtill higher, having been a witneſs to your riſing

riſing above many trying circumſtances, in which leſs religion and virtue than you are poſſeſſed of muſt have failed.

It has been our good fortune, ſince the time of our union, not to be obliged to be ſeparated from each other, ſo long as to have made it neceſſary for us to repreſs our ſenſibility with the tediouſneſs of expectation, to regret in vain the want of each other's ſupport, or the long denial of endearing converſe: Happy in a domeſtic life, we have been divided only by thoſe avocations which the care of our family and the duties of my office have rendered unavoidable, and from which we have returned in general more ſatisfied with ourſelves, and with freſh pleaſure to each other.

But, my deareſt Edwina! this ſcene is not to laſt; we muſt prepare for an alteration; it is a theme on which we have often converſed; death we are appriſed will come, and cut ſhort our proſpects, and perhaps overtake us before we have completed half thoſe ſchemes we had formed for the comfort of ourſelves and our deareſt connexions. What then can ſupport us under the idea of this ſeparation? What can reconcile us to being torn from theſe pleaſing occupations? Nothing but the delightful hope of meeting again in a future and eternal world, where thoſe ſeeds of happineſs, which we are now ſowing, will be brought to a maturity they can never arrive at here below.

O! what joy to be admitted to thoſe ſeats of bliſs, where there is no more pain, no more ſorrow, no more ſeparation! Our complacency in each other will then ariſe from the recollection of thoſe innocent pleaſures we enjoyed together here; but what will unite us more than any thing elſe, and will complete our felicity, will be the remembrance of all

thoſe

thoſe mutual endeavours we exerted, to ſtrengthen our good principles, and to make each other excel in virtue and religion.

This is a ſtate we are warranted to aſpire after, by the concurring teſtimony of good and wiſe men in all ages of the world; who have invariably ſupported themſelves with this conſolation, under the loſs of friends, that "we ſhould go to them, though they cannot return to us." This is confirmed alſo by the declarations of the word of truth*. Here then let us fix our dependance; this only can promiſe, with any certainty, a continuance of our happpineſs; ſo ſhall we avoid thoſe romantic and deluſive ideas of felicity ſo natural to weak minds, which never can be realized on earth: ſo ſhall we ſecure to ourſelves the firmeſt and moſt laſting ſupport againſt that inevitable change and ſhort abſence we know ourſelves deſtined to ſubmit to: ſo ſhall we obtain thoſe ſupreme enjoyments, which are not only eternal, but continually improving.——

THE

* That good men ſhall be united in a future ſtate, a ſtate of perfect purity and eternal peace, is an idea ſo full of comfort and conſolation, and affords us a proſpect ſo highly gratifying and delightful, that it is impoſſible to conſider it without an heartfelt exultation, which is the more unbounded, as neither reaſon nor revelation forbid us to indulge it.

This hope like all thoſe which we derive from the promiſes of the Goſpel is given to ſupport us in the trials and temptations to which we are expoſed while here below, and will attend us in every ſituation; in proſperity it will guard, in adverſity it will cheer us; and as age advances, and life loſes its value, it will more and more encourage us till we arrive at the perfect day.

THE PORTRAIT

OF

A REAL FRIEND,

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Friends grow not thick on every bough.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of diſtreſs? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or cenſuring you behind your back? Will he dare to ſtand forth in your defence, when diſtraction is ſecretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the ſame cordiality, and behave to you with the ſame friendly attention, in the company of your ſuperiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with thoſe of friendſhip?

If misfortune and loſſes ſhould oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the ſame diſtinction, or entertain your friends with the ſame liberality as formerly, will he ſtill think himſelf happy in

your ſociety, and, inſtead of gradually withdrawing himſelf from an unprofitable connexion, take pleaſure in profeſſing himſelf your friend, and cheerfully aſſiſt you to ſupport the burden of your afflictions? When ſickneſs ſhall call you to retire from the gay and buſy ſcenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, liſten with attention to your "tale of ſymptoms," and miniſter the balm of conſolation to your fainting ſpirit? And laſtly, when death ſhall burſt aſunder every earthly tie, will he ſhed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendſhip in his heart, as a treaſure never to be reſigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your ſeducer—but, depend on it, he is not your *friend**.

THE

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION

NEITHER FEW NOR SMALL.

This can ſupport us all is ſea beſides.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHILE we are in this probationary ſtate of being, we *muſt* encounter difficulties, and ſtruggle with

* A *real* friend is hardly to be met with either in proſperity or adverſity, and therefore juſtly compared to an apparation, which many people talk of, but few ever ſaw.

with uneaſineſs. The heart will often be diſſatisfied we know not why, and reaſon will ſtand an idle ſpectator, as if unconſcious of its power. In ſuch caſes it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the taſk to which it is appointed. It ſhould be informed of the high office it bears in the œconomy of the ſoul, and be made acquainted with the inſidious vigilance of its enemies. But while we languiſh under the uneaſineſs of diſcontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to conſider the inſignificancy of every paſſion that centres, and purſuit that terminates here below. Suppoſe our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gales of fortune—ſuppoſe our purſuits ſhould be crowned with all the ſucceſs that flattering hope aſſigns them; yet—vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the ſucceſs would not be worth even a moment's triumph.

While the heart turns upon an earthly axis like the periſhable ball it loves, it will be variouſly affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladneſs, and ſometimes be the barren deſert of melancholy; one while it will be exhilirated by the ſunſhine of pleaſure, and again it will languiſh in the gloom of diſcontent. The cauſe of this is not only that the human heart is in itſelf changeable and uncertain, deriving its ſenſations from conſtitutional influences, but that the objects, if they are *earthly* objects, on which it depends for happineſs, are liable to variation and decay. Hence ariſes the ſuperiority of *religious* views. When our hopes of happineſs are fixed on one certain event: an event which, though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies; the heart has an invariable foundation whereon it may

ſecurely

ſecurely reſt. Without this reſting place, we ſhould *be toſſed to and fro by every wind* of fortune, the ſport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immoveable anchor of the ſoul religion directs us in the hopes of immortality.

We know from the unerring word of divine revelation that we ſhall exiſt in another ſtate of being, after the diſſolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpoſe of Providence in the belief, that our future exiſtence ſhall be infinitely happy. In this glorious hope the intereſts of a temporary life are ſwallowed up and loſt. This hope, like the ſerpent of Aaron, devours the mock phantoms which are created by the magic of this world, and at once ſhows the vanity of every earthly purſuit. Compared with this proſpect, how poor, how barren would every ſcene of mortal happineſs appear! How deſpicable at the beſt—yet how liable to be deſtroyed by every ſtorm of adverſity! For, are we not expoſed to a thouſand accidents, the moſt trifling of which may be ſufficient to break a ſcheme of felicity! Let us conſider thoſe conditions that are almoſt univerſally deſired, the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are theſe above the reach of misfortune? Are they exempt from the importunities of care! Greatneſs is but the object of impertinence and envy; and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wiſhes lead to theſe, we ſhould unavoidably be diſappointed. The acquiſition might for a while ſoothe our vanity, but we ſhould ſoon ſigh for the eaſe of obſcurity, and envy the content of thoſe whom pride would call our vaſſals.

If wealth or grandeur then cannot afford us happineſs, where ſhall we ſeek it? Is it to be found

found in the cell of the hermit? or does it watch by the taper of ſolitary learning? Loves it the ſociety of laughing mirth? or does it affect the penſive pleaſures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendſhip, or in the laſting tenderneſs of conjugal love? Alas! this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly from the troubles of ſociety to ſome lonely hermitage, we ſhould ſoon ſigh for the amuſements of the world we had quarrelled with. The ſtrongeſt mind could not long ſupport the burden of uncommunicated thought, and the firmeſt heart would languiſh in the ſtagnation of melancholy. Aſk the ſolitary ſcholar, if ever, in his learned reſearches, he beheld the retreat of happineſs—Amuſement is all that he will pretend to—Amuſement! in queſt of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the underſtanding enervated by the aſſiduity of attention, and the memory, overburdened with uneſſential ideas. Yet, poſſibly, happineſs may mingle with ſociety and ſwell the acclamations of feſtive mirth. No—the joy that dwells there cannot be called happineſs; for the noiſe of mirth will vaniſh with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart is ſad.* If we are able to diſtinguiſh the elegance of converſation, we ſhall often be diſguſted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amuſed indeed with the noiſe, but can never taſte the true pleaſures of ſociety.

As little reaſon have we to hope for laſting happineſs from the engagements of friendſhip, or the ſweets of love. The condition of human life is at beſt ſo uncertain, that it is even daugerous to form any connexions that are dear. The tenderneſs

derneſs of love opens the heart to many ſufferings, to many painful apprehenſions for the health and ſafety of its object, and to many uneaſy ſenſations both from real and imaginary cauſes. For want of a better remedy to theſe evils, the wiſdom of ancient philoſophers teacheth us to bid a brave defiance to the aſſaults both of pleaſure and pain; without inſtructing us how to defend the heart from the inroads of ſorrow, or to guard againſt the unſeen ſtratagems of diſtreſs. But the religion of a *Chriſtian* affords a nobler and ſafer refuge. With the exalted hopes that this preſents to us, *the ſufferings of the preſent time are not worthy to be compared.* In thoſe glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneaſineſs of diſcontent, and the ſolicitude of care. Let us not ſink under our light afflictions, which are but for a moment. A very few years, perhaps a few months or days, may bring us into that ſtate of being, where care and miſery ſhall perplex no more for ever.

Though now we may have our bed in darkneſs, and our pillow on the thorn, yet the time draweth nigh when we ſhall taſte of life without anguiſh, and enjoy the light without *bitterneſs of ſoul.* We are hourly haſtening to that ſcene of exiſtence, *where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt;* where hope ſhall no more be cut off by diſappointment, and where the diſtreſſes of time are forgotten in the endleſs joys of eternity.

LANGHORNE.

MERCY.

MERCY AND JUSTICE,

HAPPILY UNITED.

A God all mercy is a God unjuſt.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

JESUS CHRIST, when he was hanging on the croſs, thus prayed for the Jews who crucified him; *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.* As if he had ſaid, they know not that I am thy Son, come down from heaven to bring the truth to them; to redeem them from Satan's ſlavery, and from eternal deſtruction. They believe me to be a moſt notorious liar; an infringer on their liberties; and a blaſphemer of thy holy name. For this they have perſecuted me; and for this do they crucify me; and therefore, Father, I pray thee to forgive their ignorance and blindneſs; I pray thee to forgive them becauſe they know not what they do.

Here Chriſt was merciful, without being unjuſt; for certainly, though their very blindneſs was a crime and a dreadful one too; yet it was not ſo heinous, as it would have been, had they really known what they were doing; and therefore it was not beyond the reach of mercy. But had he ſaid, Father, theſe people know me to be thy Son; they know that I came down from heaven to bring the truth to them;

to

to redeem them from Satan's ſlavery, and eternal damnation—they know I am no liar; no infringer on their liberties; no blaſphemer of thy holy name, but the true Son of the everlaſting Father: and notwithſtanding this, have they perſecuted me, and do they crucify me; yet do I pray thee, Father, to forgive them. Had he ſaid this, his mercy would have been as great a crime, as any they committed; he would have ſinned againſt his Father, in wiſhing him to do an unjuſt thing. He would have been himſelf an encourager of vice, and deſiring his Father to be the ſame. His mercy would have been injuſtice. But he ſaid not ſo; but, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

Chriſt forgave Judas who betrayed him, for the very ſame reaſon; for certainly, Judas no more believed, till after Chriſt was crucified, that he was truly the Son of God, than he believed him to be the King of the Jews: he took him for a conjurer (for in thoſe days there were many ſuch), and told the officers when they came to ſeize him, that if they did not take great care, he would eſcape from them by the help of his magic arts.

Amongſt many errors, there is one very prevalent with men, and even the *beſt* of men too. They aſſert that it is the *will* only that makes a thing criminal; therefore, though a man commits a crime, if he believes that what he does is not criminal; it ſhall not be ſo in the ſight of God; neither ſhall he be puniſhed for it.

This is falſe: and a very dangerous error; for his not knowing it to be a crime, is almoſt as great a one, as he can well commit. Becauſe there is no knowledge neceſſary to ſalvation, that is not within man's reach; therefore his not ſeeking that knowledge is a crime.

If

If the *will* only made the thing criminal, few would be guilty; for few are ſo impartial to themſelves, as to believe they are in the wrong.

If your enemy repents him of his fault; acknowledges it; endeavours to make reſtitution; and by the ſincerity of his penitence, gives you room to think he will offend no more in the ſame manner; you muſt forgive him, nay, ſerve him too, if in your power; or you will be unmerciful; and that mercy you deny, ſhall be denied to you again.

If he is hardened; will not ſee his error; makes no acknowledgement; no reſtitution; and proves by this, that he will ſtill perſiſt in doing you an injury; you are then to execute ſtrict juſtice on him, ſo far as to preſerve, or juſtify yourſelf; and to deprive him of the power to do further injury to either you, or your neighbour, otherwiſe, you will be anſwerable for the crimes which he commits.

Yet even here, you are to keep a ſteady eye, on *juſtice* only; you muſt look on nothing elſe; you muſt not bear him malice; you muſt not think of revenge, or purſue any underhand methods to obtain it; you muſt not belie him, ſcandalize him, or inſult over his misfortunes; you muſt not do him any private injury; wrong him in any manner; or act any kind of outrage againſt him. Your conduct muſt be fair, and open; the dictates of pure juſtice, and ſelf-preſervation, and nothing elſe; otherwiſe, you are more criminal than he; becauſe you are yourſelf committing the very ſame crimes for which you puniſh him.

I had much rather ſee my enemy repent, and mend his faults, than ſee him puniſhed for them; becauſe this puts it in my power to be merciful: beſides, by forgiving, and even ſerving, thoſe who do us an injury, we often make to ourſelves the moſt ſincere and unſhaken friendſhips. For he who has a ſoul capable of feeling himſelf in the wrong, and acknowledging his error, muſt have ſome ſenſe of virtue and will be more deeply ſtruck by an obligation from the perſon he has injured, than he could be, even by the hand of the executioner.

I was once moſt groſsly affronted by a young gentleman, whom ſome time after I had it greatly in my power to ſerve; he came into a houſe where I was, and directing his diſcourſe to the reſt of the company, told them in *my* preſence, wherein it lay ſo much in my power to aſſiſt him: but added he, I cannot have the impudence to aſk him, or expect that he will do it, after the ſcandalous manner in which I have behaved to him.

I made not the leaſt reply, but a few days afterwards did the buſineſs; and ſent for him to pay him a conſiderable ſum of money I had received. When he ſaw the money, and found what I had done, he burſt into a flood of tears. None of my pretended friends, cried he, would ſtir to ſerve me; and the greateſt enemy I had in the world, has ſaved me from deſtruction. . . . . .

He went away, without being able even to thank me, or utter a word more; and from that hour to the hour of his death, I never had a more ſincere friend upon all occaſions.

RURAL

RURAL FELICITY.

A MORAL PICTURE DRAWN FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

ALL hail to thee! thou peaceful lone retreat!
Welcome this rude uncultivated ſpot!
Where hoſpitality has fix'd her ſeat,
In humble Poverty's ſequeſter'd cot.

Thoſe barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That ſolitary ſtream meand'ring flow,
This little paſture, and the ſcanty flocks,
Have charms which opulence may never know.

By ſervile tribes and fortune's minions ſcorn'd,
Remote from crowds, on ſchemes of grandeur bent,
Here ſimple Nature, ſweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whoſe tottering roof
Seems juſt departing from its time-worn thatch,
A gen'rous pair, compaſſion's nobleſt proof,
For ev'ry trav'ller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' ſmall their income, ample is their mind,
With few poſſeſſions they've abundant wealth;
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choiceſt bleſſings, Innocence and Health.

Together

Together once they trod its early ſtage,
Together now they journey down the vale;
Paſt ſcenes of youth endear approaching age,
And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
With artleſs prattle ev'ry care beguiles;
She, while her parents cheriſh and improve,
Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant ſmiles.

For her alone they wear a ſhort-liv'd gloom,
Her future weal ſtill anxious to ſecure;
Content, when ſummon'd to their final doom,
To leave her *honeſt*, tho' they leave her poor.

"O ſacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!
"Perpetual ſource of untumultuous joy!
"Pure, ſilent ſtream! that flows with new delight,
"Bliſs ſtill increaſing, ſweets that never cloy;

"'Midſt buſtling throngs, thy ſoft endearments charm,
"Reſtrain the huſband, and protect the wife;
"But chief thy chaſte connubial raptures warm
"The peaceful current of unruffled life."

There the mild tranſports of the ſocial hour,
Forbid each ill completed wiſh to roam,
Beſt pleas'd to ſeek retirement's halcyon bow'r,
And rear their ripening progeny at home.

Approach this rural ſcene, ye little Great,
Ye ever roving, ever thoughtleſs crew,
Suſpend awhile magnificence and ſtate,
To learn contentment from the happy few.

Come,

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,
This faithful cottage harbours no diſguiſe;
Here, undiſturb'd, enjoy a calm repoſe,
And taſte that comfort which the world denies.

DESULTORY REMARKS

ON THE

FAILINGS OF HUMAN NATURE.

WITH EXAMPLES TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRGIL.

IT has long been my chief amuſement to analyze mankind, to ſtrip them of every adventitious advantage; to conſider them, 1ſt, merely as men; 2dly, as members of ſociety; and 3dly, to clothe them with their accidental, natural, and acquired qualifications. But it is a labour which by no

means perfects the *benevolent* diſpoſitions of the ſoul. For when thus examined, many characters, which are eſteemed virtuous, loſe their falſe gloſs, and appear ſhocking, vicious and deteſtable; while others gain infinitely by the ſcrutiny, and from contemptible, become admirable, and worthy of eſteem and imitation. For, ſuch is the ridiculouſneſs of mankind, a real good character is often deſpiſed for want of a few qualities, which, to the calm and unprejudiced eye of reaſon, would tarniſh the luſtre of all its virtues, and render it baſe and contemptible indeed.

Give me leave to inſtance in two men, with whom I have long maintained ſome degree of intimacy. Pancris is generous, affable, and courageous. He knows not fear. The general tenor of his life has been ſuch as renders him, at leaſt in the opinion of the generality of his fellow-creatures, equally a ſtranger to timidity and ſhame. He poſſeſſes many valuable accompliſhments of learning, wit, ſtrength, genius, and a ſound judgment.—Wherever he comes, his ſallies of humour, infallibly 'ſet the table in a roar.' His learning makes his company agreeable to philoſophers; and his gaiety, to all who prefer the wild effuſions of fancy and vivacity, before the argumentative ſedateneſs of ſober reaſon.

I need not ſay, that he is every-where received with ſuch a warmth of friendſhip, as declares his preſence in a great meaſure eſſential to the happineſs of his acquaintances. The recital of 'a tender tail of woe will ſo rouſe his compaſſion and generoſity, as to prove that he 'feels and bleeds at every pore.' To the utmoſt of his power he relieves every misfortune, and alleviates every diſtreſs; and ſeldom do the unfortunate leave his gate without

without eyes ſwimming with the tears of gratitude, without invoking the choiceſt bleſſings of heaven upon his head.

Thus far he ſeems to be the moſt highly finiſhed tranſcript of human perfection; but, how reluctantly muſt we examine the other ſide of his character!

His figure is elegant, almoſt beyond imagination. He is the idol of the fair ſex; and often has he uſed their prepoſſeſſion in his favour to effectuate their ruin. Many have hung upon his tongue, which, like Belial's,

> Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
> The better reaſon---
> ———His thoughts were
> To vice induſtrious. MILTON'S Par. Loſt.

They heard, and declared their folly with the loſs of virtue, fame and honour; while he, to atone for his crimes, has killed in duels ſeveral defenders of the injured. By the ſword has he cut off the hopes of blooming youth, and brought down the grey hairs of many an aged parent with ſorrow to the grave.

Tranquillius, his neighbour, is a very different character—His acquaintances are few and thoſe who diſtinguiſh his worth are ſtill fewer. He poſſeſſes every valuable endowment, which is fitted to ſmoothe his paſſage through 'the cool ſequeſtered vale of life.' His fortune is not large, but ſufficient, with œconomy, to enable him to appear with *eclat* in the country, where he always reſides. But, to experience that godlike pleaſure, to give, he abridges himſelf of what many account the *neceſſaries* of life.

He

He proves himſelf to be an univerſal and practical philanthropiſt, by a judicious diſtribution of his riches. He ſeldom appears without enjoying the ineffable happineſs of hearing multitudes of the ſons of Poverty and Woe acknowledge him their friend, their benefactor; and clamorous in prayers to heaven in his behalf; and others, whoſe feelings are too big for utterance, declare by their looks what words could never expreſs. There is an affability in his behaviour, which is the genuine offspring, nay the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the moſt conſummate benevolence. He is rather an Heraclitus, than a Democritus, ſeeming to have modelled his imitative powers like Jaques; for I have ſeen him

——As he lay along
Under an oak whoſe antique root peeps out,
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,
* * * *
Augmenting it with tears. SHAKESPEAR.

His converſation is never agreeable to the juvenile and ſprightly; for, in deſpite of themſelves, it would make them ſerious and thoughtful. By the young, the gay, and thoſe who have ſpent their time in the purſuit of trifles, ſo as to be overtaken by old age, before they have left the follies of youth, he is deſpiſed. He is accuſtomed to dwell frequently on the contemplation of human miſeries, and

To feel for all the woes of all mankind.

He cannot therefore commit what would give any of the ſpecies a *momentary* uneaſineſs, much leſs plant ſtings and daggers in their hearts. His learning is very

very profound and extenſive, his genius penetrating, and his judgment ſtrong.

Educated in a college, far from the ſcenes of active life, he contracted the habit of thinking; in conſequence of which, when apparent dangers threaten, he feels them almoſt as ſeverely as if they had already befallen him. He is exceſſively timid, and very careful and ſolicitous to avoid every appearance of evil. He is not in the leaſt indebted to nature for an exterior, which is the moſt groteſque imaginable; he is low in ſtature, very corpulent, and frequently the butt of ridicule on theſe accounts. Yet ſtill he is truly a worthy character, and deſerving general eſteem.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely power! whoſe boſom heaves a ſigh,
When fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs,
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey
From flowery meads, can with that ſigh compare;
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies:
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way,
Beneath thy feat no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come,

Come, lovely nymph! and range the fields with me,
To ſpring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free,
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the ſcorching gleam,
Let us, ſlow wandering where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler, greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendſhip's woes to claim a ſhare;
And juſtly boaſt the generous feeling heart*.

Teach me to ſooth the helpleſs orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's tears aſſuage,
To miſery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the ſure ſupport of drooping age.

So when the cheerful ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of life's eventful day.

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* Sympathy and compaſſion are the offspring of Heaven; to weep with them that weep is the duty of all.

REMARKABLE

REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION

ON A

TOMB-STONE, AT GREEN-BAY, JAMAICA.

HERE lieth the body of Lewis Gauldy, Eſq. who departed this life at Port Royal, Dec. 22, 1739, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier, in France, but left that country for his religion, and came to ſettle in this iſland, when he was ſwallowed up in the great earthquake in 1692, and by the providence of God was by another ſhock thrown into the ſea, and miraculouſly ſaved by ſwimming, until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all that knew him, and much lamented at his death.

God moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

EMPLOYMENTS

EMPLOYMENTS SUITED TO GENTLEMEN,

WHETHER IN *TOWN* OR *COUNTRY*;

TO PREVENT TIME BEING A BURDEN TO THEM.

'Tis a difficult thing to be idle and innocent.

PERSONS who by birth, marriage, death of relatives, or ſucceſs in buſineſs, are become the poſſeſſors of independent fortunes, and conſequently entitled *gentlemen*; may experience it difficult, at times, to find employments for the many leiſure hours they apparently have upon their hands from day to day. But this I apprehend would ſeldom be the caſe, if the duties we owe to our Creator, ourſelves, and our fellow-creatures, were properly attended to and regarded.

The dictates of piety, virtue, benevolence, and humanity, will ever ſuggeſt ample matter for the exerciſe of our mental powers and faculties; while at the ſame time they may ſuitably point out to us objects well deſerving our notice and purſuit.

Reflections on the works of creation daily preſented to our view; reading judicious and approved authors on moral and entertaining ſubjects, ſuch as *hiſtory*, *geography*, *aſtronomy*, *philoſophy*, and the polite arts; writing letters to ſelect friends; or, if there is a taſte for it, *drawing*, *deſigning pictures*, *painting*, and

and *muſic; walking or riding* out when the weather permits; *converſation* with perſons of learning, ingenuity, and experience; finding out and relieving the neceſſitous and diſtreſt*; theſe are innocent, rational, and commendable employments, exerciſes, and recreations, fit for gentlemen† whether in town or country, and in all ſeaſons of the year; which may keep both the mind and body uſefully engaged at all times, and promote health, cheerfulneſs, and the benefit of ſociety in general.

As habits of indolence and inactivity cannot be too carefully avoided, by the poſſeſſors of wealth and abundance; ſo uſeful, praiſeworthy, and ornamental accompliſhments and purſuits cannot be too zealouſly encouraged and promoted; as truly beneficial to individuals in particular, and the community at large.

G. W.

ON

* 'Tis more bleſſed to *give* then to *receive*; the inward ſatisfaction and complacency naturally attending the relieving a worthy object of compaſſion, is truly its own reward.

†The real gentleman will be as choice of his amuſements and recreations, as of his company and connexions; he will be as careful not to diſgrace his character by the diverſions he countenances and partakes of, as of the perſons he chuſes as his intimate friends; well aſſured, either of them may (if improper) ruin his character, reputation, and eſtate.

ON CONTEMPT, OR DESPISING OUR INFERIORS.

Deſpiſe no one, but look at home.

THAT which conſtitutes an object of contempt to the ill-natured and malevolent, becomes the object of other paſſions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in ſuch a perſon, wickedneſs and vice muſt always raiſe hatred and abhorrence; while weakneſs and folly will ever be ſure to excite pity and compaſſion.

However deteſtable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when conſidered in the ſerious ſchool of Heraclitus, it will preſent no leſs abſurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing ſect of Democritus, eſpecially as we may obſerve, that the meaneſt and baſeſt of all human beings are generally the moſt forward to deſpiſe others. So that the moſt contemptible are generally the moſt contemptuous.

As a good man, as I have before obſerved, will give no entertainment to any ſuch a paſſion; ſo neither will a ſenſible man, I am well perſuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate uſe of that ſelf-examination, which philoſophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this diſpoſition. Their contempt would then perhaps as their charity is ſaid to do, begin at *home*. To ſay the truth, a man hath this better chance of deſpiſing himſelf, than he hath of deſpiſing others, as he is likely to know himſelf beſt. . . . .

Contempt

Contempt is generally mutual: there is ſcarce any one man who deſpiſes another, without being at the ſame time deſpiſed by him, of which I ſhall endeavour to produce ſome few inſtances.

As the right honourable lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vaſt retinue, paſſes by Mr. M. Buckram, citizen and taylor, in his chaiſe and *one*, "See there!" ſays my lord, with an air of the higheſt contempt, "that raſcal Buckram, with his fat wife: I ſuppoſe he is going to his country houſe, for ſuch fellows muſt have their country houſe, as well as their vehicle. Theſe are the raſcals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other hand, is no ſooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way; than, turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith! an honeſt citizen is to be run over by ſuch fellows as theſe, who drive about their coaches and ſix with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he has got, and yet he cannot find money to pay an honeſt tradeſman. He is above an *hundred* pounds deep in my books; how I deſpiſe ſuch lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantum, from the ſide-box, caſting her eyes on an honeſt pawnbroker's wife below her, bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that creature in the pit; "Did you ever ſee, lady Betty," ſays ſhe, "ſuch a ſtrange wretch? how the awkward monſter is dreſſed?" The good woman at the ſame time ſurveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a ſcornful ſmile, which ſhe ſees in her countenance, whiſpers her friend, "Obſerve lady Fanny Rantum. As great airs as that fine lady gives herſelf, my huſband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is *poor* quality!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than the poor ſcholar to a ſplendid beau? unleſs perhaps

the

the ſplendid beau to the poor ſcholar! The philoſopher and the world; the man of buſineſs and the man of pleaſure; the beauty and the wit; the hypocrite and the profligate; the covetous and the ſquanderer; are all alike inſtances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the ſame obſervations into the loweſt life, and we ſhall find the ſame proneneſs to deſpiſe each other. The common ſoldier, who hires himſelf out to be ſhot at for *five-pence* a day, who is the only ſlave in a free country; and is liable to be ſent to any part of the world without his conſent; and whilſt at home ſubject to the ſevereſt puniſhments, for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble perſonage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or huſbandmen, from whence he was himſelf taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-duſt coloured coat, and bedaubed with worſted lace of a penny a yard, the very *gentleman* ſoldier is as much deſpiſed in his turn, by the whiſtling carter, who comforts himſelf, that he is a free-born Engliſhman, and will live with no maſter any longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth ten pounds in his life, is ready to anſwer a captain, if he offends him, "D—n you, Sir, who are you? is it not we that pay you?"

This contemptuous diſpoſition is in reality the ſure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every ſtation; on the contrary, a great and *good* man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleaſed with a rebuke lately given by a blackſhoe boy to another, who had expreſſed his contempt of one of the modern town-ſmarts: "Why ſhould you deſpiſe him, Jack?" ſaid the honeſt lad: "we are all what the Lord pleaſed to make us."

TOM

TOM TURF;

A NEWMARKET CHARACTER,

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

A man with more money than wit.

TOM TURF is poſſeſſed of an eſtate of *fifteen hundred* pounds a year, which is juſt ſufficient to furniſh him with a variety of riding frocks, jockey boots, ſmart hats, and coach whips. Tom's great ambition is to be deemed a *jemmy fellow*; he therefore appears always in a morning in a *Newmarket* frock, a ſhort bob wig, neat buckſkin breeches, and white ſilk ſtockings.

He keeps a *phæton* and four handſome *bays*, a ſtable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a good coachman, and driving a ſet of horſes with ſkill; or, in his own phraſe, *doing his buſineſs well*, he eſteems the greateſt character in life; and thinks himſelf ſeated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he is mounted in a high chaiſe at a horſe-race. *Newmarket* has not a more active ſpirit; he is there, frequently his *own* jockey, and always boaſts, as a ſingular accompliſhment, *that he does not ride above eight ſtone and a half.*

He is a little man not of a very healthy conſtitution, but wiſhes to be thought capable of the greateſt fatigue, and is perpetually laying wagers of the vaſt journies he can perform in a day. He

has likewiſe an ambition to be reckoned a man of conſummate-debauch, and endeavours to make you believe, that he never goes to bed without firſt drinking *three* or *four* bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—es, and knocking down as many watchmen*. He very often comes drunk into one of the theatres, about the middle of the third act, and heroically expoſes himſelf to the hiſſes of both the galleries.

When he meets you, he generally begins with deſcribing his laſt night's debauch, or relates the arrival of a new wh--re upon the town, or entertains you with the exploits of his *bay cattle*; and if you decline converſing with him on theſe *improving* ſubjects, he ſwears you are a fellow of no ſoul or genius, and ever afterwards ſhuns your company. From ſuch deſpicable characters, good Lord deliver us.

ON A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

FROM A YOUNG LADY IN DORSETSHIRE TO HER FRIEND IN LONDON.

I WRITE, my dear friend, from this agreeable ſolitude; the meadows and gardens, the thick gloom of the trees, the daſhing of the caſcade; all theſe objects, ſo unuſual to me, give an agreeable ſort of melancholy to the mind.

Among

* Theſe exploits are leading features in the character of a modern young man of ſpirit.

Among very different ſcenes and different company, my fair correſpondent, I doubt not, paſſes *her* days.

At one period ſhe receives company, at another ſhe is dreſſing for the opera. One hour ſhe liſtens to the jeſts of ſome *petitmaitre*, and the next to the vivacity of her female viſitants. When ſhe lies down to reſt, her thoughts are engroſſed—all engroſſed by *plays*, *routs*, *auctions*, and *chard-tables*. It is no wonder if the devotions of the evening are wholly neglected, or at leaſt performed in a ſlight and careleſs manner.

Could my dear Sophia have imagined *twelve* months ſince, that I ſhould have ſent her ſuch a letter? But I have not now taken up the pen in a vein of raillery. I am of late grown more than ordinarily penſive. Much of my paſt time has been ſpent, I muſt acknowledge with regret, in diſſipation and *falſe* pleaſure. I am now reſolved, with the aſſiſtance of divine wiſdom, to act like a being endowed with rational faculties, and formed to live for ever. I peruſe, with the greateſt diligence, night and morning, the ſacred writings; and am quite enamoured with the excellence of the precepts contained in them; and with the exalted idea they give of our Creator, Preſerver, and Redeemer.

Ye gay companions of my former life! your dream of happineſs will very ſpeedily vaniſh away like the dew of the morning. Why will ye perſiſt in your thoughtleſs courſe? "Be aſſured the years will ſoon draw nigh, when ye ſhall have no pleaſure in them: and the days when the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, and the ſtrong men bow themſelves; when the mourners ſhall go about the ſtreets; when the duſt ſhall return to its native duſt,

and

and the ſpirit to God who gave it." The tolling knell often proclaims the demiſe of an intimate friend or neighbour; but you hear it void of ſenſibility and reflection.

The retroſpect of a life ſpent in gaiety and amuſement will afford no complacence, no ſerenity in the views of death* ; but the retroſpect of a life of rational devotion will be truly delightful even at that awful criſis. "The hour is come (the believer may then ſay), the happy hour I have ſo ardently expected. I have learned to acquieſce in every diſpoſal of infinite wiſdom.

What is perſecution or exile, or even death itſelf, to the real Chriſtian? What are the beſt delights of human life? Mere anxiety and vexation; but the delights of futurity have no diminution, and are ſuch as I cannot, in the preſent mode of exiſtence, form any competent idea of.

May my dear Sophy be perſuaded to ſteal from the giddy multitude, and enjoy that beſt of converſe, which fallible and weak-ſighted human beings are too apt to neglect or deſpiſe—converſe with her own *heart*. Hence ſhe will learn humility, reſignation, penitence, and gratitude†. May all her devout exerciſes be more acceptable than incenſe from the altar, to that Power who is ever willing to hear, and to fulfil the requeſts of the ſincerely penitent.

I am, dear friend, your real well-wiſher, &c.

MATILDA F——.

Winbourn, Dorſetſhire.

THE

*The propriety of this lady's ſentiments no gentleman in his right ſenſes can deny.

†Good was the advice of King David, *Commune with thy own heart* Pſalm iv. 4.

THE

INCONVENIENCES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

AN EXTRACT.

THE witty duke of Buckingham, meeting one day with a ſnarling dog in the ſtreets, ſaid, "D—n you, I wiſh you was married, and ſettled in the country;" which the duke thought the greateſt curſe he could wiſh any one. As I have lately removed there for cheapneſs, I will relate what I have met with.

A friend I had conſulted, hired for me a ſmall farm, which he ſaid would aſſiſt me in houſekeeping; and my wife was pleaſed with the thoughts of having her own pigs and poultry. I found the country as full of brutality as dirt; there is not more clay in the roads than knavery in the inhabitants; and the whole ſo fortified in ruſtic impudence, that I proteſt the hackney-coachman and draymen in London are better companions. The cows I bought had ſlunk their calves, the ſheep were rotten, the horſes broken-winded, the hogs mangy, and the poultry had the droop; yet they were all ſold to me with the greateſt aſſeverations of perfection.

Then, as to proviſions, the butcher calls once a week, to know what meat you want, and that day ſe'nnight brings you a buttock of beef of 30lb. weight, when *ten* was all you wanted; and as the family is ſmall, he gives you meat not much better than carrion, but does not forget to charge the high-

eſt

eſt price for it. As to fiſh, we get none but what ſtinks, though only ten miles from the ſea; and my landlord ſhewed me a very pretty pond, as he called it, which would at any time, he ſaid, afford me a diſh of fiſh. This coſt me 40s. for a net, in order to get fifteen penny worth of carp, as big as my finger.

Another recommendation of his farm was its being ſituated in a *fine ſporting country*; I had a mind to try it; and therefore bought a dog and a gun; and going out one morning, was met by the ſquire's gamekeeper, who deſired me to walk home immediately, or he muſt ſhoot my dog. Well, to be ſure, there is no end of the happineſs of the country: I lately took to *gardening*, and had ſcarce cropped my kitchen ground, before a neighbouring ſquire rode his fox-hounds through it; and upon my conſulting a lawyer for a proſecution, I found the matter would be tried by a jury of fox-hunters.

Every fellow in the neighbourhood marks you for his prey, and will treat you with inſolence, if you do not pay in every thing through the noſe, like a lord or a nabob. One had need be made of money, for the moment there is a want of this, our cattle are pounded, the pigs worried, the fences broken down, and our hen-rooſts robbed. A pretty life for a man of *ſmall* fortune! No, no, let none but men of *wealth* think of it; I could live in town upon one hundred pounds a year, much better than in the country upon *three*; every pig I have killed has coſt me a guinea; and I had better pay five ſhillings a-head for poultry, than bring them up at home. .....

So much for *gentlemen* farmers.

THE

THE

HUMBLE AND CONTENTED MAN.

A POEM, ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

A FLOW of good ſpirits I've ſeen, with a ſmile,
To worth make a ſhallow pretence;
And the chat of good-breeding with eaſe for awhile
May paſs for good-nature and ſenſe;

But where is the boſom untainted by art,
The judgment ſo modeſt and ſtaid,
That union ſo rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

Should fortune capriciouſly ceaſe to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty deſcend;
I doubtleſs like others ſhould claſp her with joy,
And my wants and my wiſhes extend*.

But ſince 'tis deny'd me, and Heaven beſt knows
Whether kinder, to grant it or not,
Say why ſhould I vainly diſturb my repoſe,
And peeviſhly carp at my lot?

Many men of leſs worth—you good natur'dly cry—
To ſplendour and opulence ſoar:
Suppoſe I allow it, yet, pray Sir, am I
Leſs happy becauſe they are more?

* It is generally obſerved, our wiſhes enlarge as our wealth increaſes.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the fav'rites whom fortune has made,
Regardleſs of thouſands who pine with neglect,
In penſive obſcurity's ſhade,

With whom, when comparing the merit I boaſt,
Tho' rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I ſink in confuſion bewilder'd and loſt,
And I wonder I am what I am;

And what are theſe wonders, theſe bleſſings refin'd,
Which ſplendour and opulence ſhower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To Contentment's calm ſunſhine, the lot of the few,
Can inſolent Greatneſs pretend?
Or can it beſtow what I boaſt of in you,
That bleſſing of bleſſings—a *friend*?

ON THE

PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES

OF

READING AND CONVERSATION,

IN THE SUPERIOR WALKS OF LIFE.

At the head of all the pleaſures which offer themſelves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from *books*. In variety, durability,

durability, and facility of attainment, no other can ſtand in competition with it. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the ſhades of the greateſt and wiſeſt men that ever exiſted, and oblige them to converſe with us on the moſt intereſting topics—o, what an ineſtimable privilege ſhould we think it! how ſuperior to all common enjoyments! But, in a well-furniſhed library we, in fact, poſſeſs this power.

We can queſtion Xenophon and Cæſar on their campaigns, make Demoſthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audience of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonſtrations from Euclid and Newton*. In books we have the choiceſt thoughts of the ableſt men in their beſt dreſs. We can at pleaſure exclude dulneſs and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good ſenſe alone.

If domeſtic enjoyments have contributed in the firſt degree to the happineſs of my life (and I ſhould be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have), the pleaſures of *reading* have beyond all queſtion held the *ſecond* place. Without books I have never been able to paſs ſcarce a ſingle day to my entire ſatisfaction; with them, no day has been ſo dull as not to have its pleaſure. Even pain and ſickneſs have for a time been charmed away by them. By the eaſy proviſion of a book, I have frequently worn through long nights and days of pain, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof of the poſſibility of being cheaply pleaſed and inſtructed at the ſame time.

*Well may it be aſſerted by an eminent writer, by *reading* we converſe with the dead, by *converſation* with the living, and by *contemplation* with ourſelves.

Reading may in every ſenſe be called a *cheap* amuſement. A *taſte for books*, indeed, may be made expenſive enough; but that is only where there is a taſte for *fine editions*, *bindings*, *paper*, and *type**. Learn to diſtinguiſh between books to be *peruſed*, and books to be *poſſeſſed*. Of the former, you may find an ample ſtore in every ſubſcription library, the proper uſe of which to a ſcholar is to furniſh his mind, without loading his ſhelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is neceſſary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midſt of buſtle and buſineſs you may, in an inſtant, by the magic of a book plunge into ſcenes of remote ages and countries, and diſengage yourſelf from preſent care and fatigue. "Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit," (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey,) "that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their wearieſome moments!

The next of the rational pleaſures of life that I ſhall point out, is that of *converſation*.—This is a pleaſure of higher zeſt than that of reading; ſince in converſing we not only receive the ſentiments of others, but impart our own, and from this reciprocation a ſpirit and intereſt ariſe, which books cannot give in an equal degree. Fitneſs for converſation muſt depend on the ſtore of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. Theſe, in a great degree, are the reſults of education and the habit of ſociety: and to a certain point they are favoured by ſuperiority of condition. But this is only to a *certain* point; for when you arrive at that claſs in which ſenſuality, indolence, and diſſipation, are foſtered by exceſs of opulence,

* Books ſhould be choſen for the *good ſenſe* they contain, and not for their binding, be it ever ſo good.

lence*, you loſe more by diminiſhed energy of mind, than you gain by ſuperior refinement of manners and elegance of expreſſion.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

DR. JOHNSON TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

DEAR SIR, *March* 17, 1752.

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philoſophers, and the daily examples of loſſes and misfortunes which life forces upon us, ſuch is the abſorption of our thoughts in the buſineſs of the preſent day—ſuch the reſignation of our reaſon to empty hopes of future felicity—or ſuch our unwillingneſs to foreſee what we dread, that every calamity comes ſuddenly upon us, and not only preſſes us as a burden but cruſhes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common courſe of nature, againſt which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flaſh of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concuſſion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miſeries time brings, though ſilently, yet viſibly forward, by its own lapſe, which yet approaches unſeen, becauſe we turn our eyes away: and ſeize us

* This is too often the caſe among the great.

us unreſiſted, becauſe we could not arm ourſelves againſt them, but by ſetting them before us.

That it is in vain to ſhrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourſelves which muſt ſometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect; and perhaps none more than the ſpeculative reaſoner, whoſe thoughts are always from home, whoſe eye wanders over life, whoſe fancy dances after meteors of happineſs kindled by itſelf, and who examines every thing rather than his own ſtate.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age muſt terminate in death. Yet there is no man (ſays Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not upon the ſame principle, hope another year for his parent or friend; but the fallacy will be in time detected; the *laſt* year, the *laſt* day, will come; it has come, and is paſt. "The life which made my own life pleaſant is at an end, and the gates of death are ſhut upon my proſpects."

The loſs of a friend, on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wiſh and endeavour tended, is a ſtate of deſolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itſelf, and finds nothing but emptineſs and horror. The blameleſs life—the artleſs tenderneſs—the pious ſimplicity—the modeſt reſignation—the patient ſickneſs, and the quiet death—are remembered only to add value to the loſs—to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended—to deepen ſorrow for what cannot be recalled.

Theſe are the calamities by which Providence gradually diſengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exerciſe reſolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return,

return, and nothing is left us here but languiſhment and grief.

Yet ſuch is the courſe of nature, that whoever lives long muſt outlive thoſe whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our preſent exiſtence, that life muſt one time loſe its aſſociations, and every inhabitant of the earth muſt walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any intereſted witneſs of his misfortunes or ſucceſs. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the miſery of man! but what is ſucceſs to him who has none to enjoy it? Happineſs is not found in *ſelf*-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the ſtate of departed ſouls, becauſe ſuch knowledge is not neceſſary to a good life. Reaſon deſerts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly ſilent: "There is joy among the angels of heaven over a ſinner that repenteth." And ſurely the joy is not incommunicable to ſouls diſentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate, what Revelation does not confute—that the union of ſouls may ſtill remain; and that we, who are ſtruggling with ſin, ſorrow, and infirmities, may have one part in the attention and kindneſs of thoſe who have finiſhed their courſe, and are now receiving their rewad.

Theſe are the great occaſions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourſelves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? And to what hope may we not raiſe our eyes and hearts, when we conſider that the *greateſt power is the beſt?*

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not ſeek ſuccour in the Goſpel, which has brought life and immortality to light? The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the univerſe make neceſſary, may ſilence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abſtract things, may diſpoſe us to conceal our ſorrow, but cannot aſſuage it. Real alleviation of the loſs of friends, and rational tranquility in the proſpect of our own diſſolution, can be received only from the promiſe of Him in whoſe hands are life and death; and from the aſſurances of another and better ſtate, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole ſoul ſhall be filled with joy—Philoſophy may infuſe ſtubbornneſs, but *Religion* only can give patience.

SAM. JOHNSON.

ON

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE.

TO guard againſt the fatal effects which diſappointments are apt to have upon the mind, is a point of the utmoſt conſequence towards paſſing through life with any tolerable degree of comfort and ſatisfaction; for diſappointments, more or leſs, muſt be the lot of all.

At the firſt entrance into the world, when the imagination is active, the affections warm, and the heart a ſtranger to deceit, and conſequently to ſuſpicion, what delightful dreams of happineſs are formed! Whatever may be the object in which that happineſs

is

is ſuppoſed to conſiſt, that object is purſued with ardour: the gay and thoughtleſs ſeek for it in diſſipation and amuſement; the ambitious in power, fame, and honours; the affectionate in love and friendſhip: but how few are there who find in any of theſe objects that happineſs which they expected!

Pleaſure, fame, riches, &c. even when they are obtained, ſtill leave a void in the ſoul, which continually reminds the poſſeſſor that this is not the happineſs for which he was formed, and even the beſt affections are liable to numberleſs diſappointments, and often productive of the ſevereſt pangs.

The unſuſpecting heart forms attachments before reaſon is capable of judging whether the objects of them are ſuch as are qualified to make it happy; and it often happens, that the fatal truth is not diſcovered till the affections are engaged too far to be recalled, and then the diſappointment muſt prove a laſting ſorrow.

The young are too apt to fancy that the affections of their hearts will prove the ſource of nothing but pleaſure; thoſe who are father advanced in life, are much too apt to run into the contrary extreme. The error of the firſt, even taking it in the worſt light, is productive of ſome pleaſure, as well as pain; that of the laſt ſerves only to throw a damp over every pleaſure, and can be productive of nothing but pain. It leads indeed to the moſt fatal conſequences ſince it tends to make *ſelf* the only object; and the heart which is merely ſelfiſh, muſt ever be incapable of virtue and of happineſs, and a ſtranger to all the ſolid joys of affection and benevolence; without which the happieſt ſtate in this world muſt be inſipid, and with which even the ſevereſt afflictions may be eaſily ſupported.

In

In every ſtate of life, in ſpite of every diſappointment, theſe ſhould ſtill be cheriſhed and encouraged; for though they may not always beſtow ſuch pleaſures as the romantic imaginations of youth had painted, yet they will ſtill beſtow ſuch as can be found in nothing elſe in this world.

Thoſe who are freed from cares and anxieties, who are ſurrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and whoſe pleaſures preſent themſelves without being ſought for, are often unhappy in the midſt of all; merely becauſe that activity of mind, in the proper exerciſe of which our happineſs conſiſts, has in them no object on which it may be employed. But when the heart is ſincerely and affectionately intereſted for the good of others, a new ſcene of action is continually open, every moment may be employed in ſome pleaſing and uſeful purſuit.

New opportunities of doing good are continually preſenting themſelves; new ſchemes are formed and ardently purſued; and even when they do not ſucceed, though the diſappointment may give pain, yet the pleaſure of ſelf-approbation will remain; and the purſuit will be remembered with ſatisfaction. The next opportunity which offers itſelf will be readily embraced, and will furniſh a freſh ſupply of pleaſures; ſuch pleaſures as are ſecure from that wearineſs and diſguſt, which ſooner or later are the conſequences of all ſuch enjoyments as tend merely to gratify the ſelfiſh paſſions and inclinations; and which always attend on an inactive ſtate of mind, from whatever cauſe it may proceed.

Even in the moſt trifling ſcenes of common life, the truly benevolent may find many pleaſures which would paſs unnoticed by others; and in a converſation, which to the thoughtleſs and inattentive would afford only a trifling amuſement, or perhaps no amuſement

muſement, at all, *they* may find many ſubjects for pleaſing and uſeful reflections, which may conduce both to their happineſs and advantage.

It is a pleaſing as well as uſeful exerciſe to the mind, to diſcover real merit, through the veil which humility and modeſty throw over it*; and to admire true greatneſs of ſoul, even in the meaneſt ſituaations in life; or when it exerts itſelf on occaſions ſuppoſed to be trifling, and therefore, in general, but little attended to or regarded.

ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

AN ESSAY.

Our wiſhes lengthen as our ſun declines.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyments of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which in the vigour of youth we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear at laſt becomes the prevailing paſſion of the mind, and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have

* There is no *real* merit without this veil.

have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade; hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment increaſes my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth the keeping? Is it, that Nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, increaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments? and as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips Imagination in the ſpoils? Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure and enjoyment, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him, at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its *real* value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increaſes, in general from the length of our acquaintance with it*. "I would not chuſe," ſays a French philoſopher,

* The longer we know our friends, and find them to be *really* ſcuh, the more unwilling we ſhall be to part with them.

pher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not merely because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

SONNET TO TIME.

INSATIATE Despot! whose resistless arm
Shatters the loftiest fabric from its base;
And tears from beauty ev'ry magic charm,
And robs proud Nature of her loveliest grace!

Still art thou kind; for as thy pow'r prevails,
And age comes onward, menacing decay;
As warmth expires, and numbing frost assails,
And life's faint lamp presents a quiv'ring ray;

'Tis thine to reconcile the tranquil breast,
To prove that sublunary joys are vain;
To turn from pomp, and all its tinsel train,
And seek the silent paths of *mental* rest;
So, from the deadliest poison, chymic art
Extracts a healing balm to tranquilize the heart.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION OF EVENING.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE eve's in duſky mantle dreſt,
The day's laſt gleam juſt ſtreaks the Weſt;
Till ſlowly ſinking from the hills,
A deep'ning ſhade the proſpect fills.

No ſound to ſtrike the ear doth move,
From rural pipe or vocal grove;
The flocks and herds to reſt are gone,
The hamlet's wonted ſports are done.

The gathering clouds now cloſe arrange,
As waiting for the coming change;
Till Luna and her train in ſight,
The ſober evening yields to night.